WELDED LINKS.

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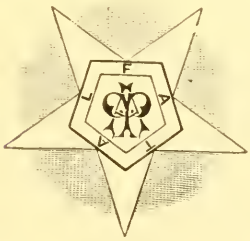
BY

P. ANNETTA PECKHAM.

Morning awaking illumines the scene
Where death had been reigning, angels convene,
And in their chaste robes, to Mary, proclaim
The links are all welded in life's golden
chain.

NEW, REVISED EDITION.



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DEDICATION.

Lovingly and respectfully I dedicate "Welded Links" to

MY MOTHER,

Mrs. Roxenath Benedict Hitchcox,

of Apulia, Onondaga Co., New York, daughter of a Revolutionary Patriot, inheriting from him the sterling qualities of virtue which gained our independence as a Nation, combined with rare gentleness of nature, and a reliant faith and trust in the loving kindness and goodness of God enabled her to be an efficient, faithful and loving mother. Seventy and seven summers have not dimmed the full vigor of her health and intellect, loved, respected and revered by all who know her.

Through her protecting ægis, gentle reader, for the first time I essay to minister to thy wants and pleasures.

Not unmindful of the perils that environ the adventurer upon the sea of Poesy, I have launched this frail little bark, assured that a generous public will accord it all the protection it deserves.

If it stem the tide of adverse criticism, and find safe harbor in the hearts of those who read it, the gratification of the author will be intensified, with the sweet assurance of the approval of her to whom these lines are dedicated, and stimulated to another voyage mayhap in a larger vessel.

P. ANNETTA PECKHAM.

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AUTHOR'S NOTE.

These poems were first given to the public in 1875, a second issue appearing in 1891. The favor with which they have been received in the past, as testified to in the press notices printed at the end of the volume, encourages the author to put forth this new, revised, and extended edition, in the hope that, having the same cordial reception accorded them, they may prove balm to wounded hearts and a light to the feet of the weary in life's pilgrimage.

BROKEN LINKS.

DOWN in the valley, so humble and low,
Where the cool, purling streamlets limpidly flow,
Sad hearts are sighing from memory's refrain,
For the links that are broken in life's golden
chain.

Up on the mountains, ambition is rife,
And hearts are aglow with fervor and strife;
There, souls are weeping with anguish and pain,
For the links that are broken, in life's golden
chain.

In hovel and palace alike there is woe,
Death, on his mission, doth everywhere go ;
No place so hallowed, but that there is pain,
For the links that are broken, in life's golden
chain.

All over the land, wherever we roam,
Or wherever man shall find him a home,
Till the ending of time, he will complain
For the links that are broken, in life's golden
chain.

God of our Fathers! oh give us that rest,
Where we may gather again to our breast,
Each of our loved ones, so cruelly slain,
And count the links perfect, in life's golden
chain.

Eve, in affliction, bowed down in her grief,
Her only adornment a simple fig leaf;
And in her bereavement, how sadly complained,
For the links that were broken, in life's golden
chain.

She heard in the breath of the soft summer breeze,
Wafting a message through fairest of trees —
A shriek of distress, from over the plain,
For the link that was broken, in life's golden
chain.

Her offspring dishonored, humbled in pride,
While dark crimson stains his conscience had dyed,
And nature caught up the echoing strain,
For the link that was broken in life's golden
chain.

And bearing its tones through ambient air,
Heaven heard the echo and wail of despair,
And swift from His throne the Infinite came,
For the link that was broken in life's golden
chain.

Down through the ages, the cycles of time
Have borne on their pinions in every clime,
Echoes from Eden, fresh freighted with pain,
For the links that were broken in life's golden
chain.

Again, in a garden, the mightiest wail
Which could the high courts of Heaven assail,
Was wrung from the Son of God in His pain,
For the link that seemed broken in life's golden
chain.

So great was the anguish, earth felt the pain,
And in her convulsions rocks rended in twain,
And a pall hung o'er creation again,
For the link that was broken in life's golden
chain.

Morning, awaking, illumines the scene,
Where death had been reigning, angels convene,
And in their chaste robes, to Mary, proclaim,
The links are all welded in life's golden
chain.

GONE AND LEFT US.

GONE, yes, he has gone, and left us,
In this world of pain and woe;
Gone to join the hosts of Heaven,
Where eternal pleasures flow.

He has passed death's pearly portals,
Passed the sentry at the gate,
Passed into the life elysian,
Where attending angels wait.

There, the soul advances higher
In each noble thought and aim;
And the music of the lyre,
Is the progress we attain.

Happy they, who've passed death's portals—
Happy all who've gone before;
Death is but the open gate-way—
To the joys of Heaven the door.

Death, the kindly friend of mortals,
Is no foe we should berate;
He gives a palace for a hovel,
For filthy rags, a grand estate.

He puts a crown on every forehead—
A crown of bliss, that all can wear;
For in our Heavenly Father's mansion
Every child may have a share.

Then let us all, with kindly feeling,
Pity each the other's woe;
And for every brother's error
Let us great compassion show.

HAVE WE TREASURES IN HEAVEN?

HAVE we treasures in Heaven, laid up in store,
'Gainst the time when earth shall know us no more?
'Gainst the time when a summons shall call us away,
To leave with our form but perishing clay?
Have we treasures in Heaven?

Have we treasures in Heaven, mortals of earth--
Treasures awaiting our spiritual birth?
Treasures so precious, and of value so rare,
Their worth shall conquer the fears of despair?
Have we treasures in Heaven?

Have we treasures in Heaven? What have we done,
To cause in our passport the welcome word "come"?
Have we wiped off the tear from sorrowful eye?
Or cheered the dark pathway of any who die?
Have we treasures in Heaven?

Have we treasures in Heaven? Comfort we here
The weak and the weary, who tremble with fear?
And lift from the heart that's weighed down with care,
The cause of its grief and cause of despair?
Have we treasures in Heaven?

Have we treasures in Heaven? Mortals who weep
For the loved ones who slumber in death's cold sleep?
They wait you beyond, in that beautiful clime
Where they have o'ercome the sorrows of time.
We have treasures in Heaven.

THE OLD HOME.

I CAME again where once was home:
The rose its perfume shed,
And lilies bloomed along the banks,
Where water courses sped.

The fish still played within the brook,
And swam the pebbles o'er;
And birds still sang in every nook,
The tunes they did of yore.

The old house sat upon the hill
The same as when a child;
The woodbine clambered o'er the door,
Untrained, unkempt, and wild.

The fence around the garden gate
Was also broken down;
The little steps I used to climb
Could now nowhere be found.

I thought the garden was not kept
Just as it used to be;
The trees and shrubs were not well trimmed,
At least so seemed to me.

I wandered in the little path
Up to the kitchen door;
A strange cat played upon the mat,
Strange children on the floor.

I looked around upon the wall,
Strange pictures met my gaze;
And stranger faces on me looked
In still more strange amaze.

I asked them for the friends I loved,
In early years gone by:
These strangers, with averted look,
And with a half drawn sigh,—

But pointed to a distant hill,
Where I some mounds could see;
And hence, the garden is not kept,
Just as it used to be.

ONLY A DRUNKARD.

ONLY a drunkard lay down on the track,
'Twas this that they said, when they brought my boy back!
His body all bleeding, and mangled, and torn!
"Only a drunkard, and why should we mourn."

Only a drunkard! yet he was my boy,
Once so sweet and so lovely, filled our hearts all with joy;
So tender was he, so blithe, and so gay,
I never once thought they'd lead him astray.

I never could think the rum traffic would kill
My sweet little boy—as he lay there so still—
Asleep in his crib by the side of my bed;
I never once thought they'd bring him in dead.

And the papers would say, "was drunk on the track"!
All mangled and torn, they've brought my boy back—
To break my poor heart, and no one can save
My beautiful boy from a poor drunkard's grave.

Oh, cruel indeed are the laws that they make,
Which spoil the dear boys for the revenue's sake.
Why talk ye of tariff, its value and gain,
Since your brother is dying in Alcohol's chain?

Is man of more value than silver and gold?
Then forge not the shackles which round him enfold.
Sixty thousand a year, and the numbers increase,
Of the men who go down, finding death a release.

CONTENTMENT.

CONTENTMENT'S found in perfect rest,
Where all the passions of the breast
Are fully satisfied;
No passion, thought, or good to gain,
No filthy lucre to attain —
Man sits him down to die.

Without ambition in our life,
The world would cease its busy strife,
And man a sluggard be:
The fields would ne'er produce their grain,
Birds never sing a joyful strain,
Nor children leap for joy.

The swelling sea would cease to moan,
And utter never more a groan
From out her heaving breast:
Would never meet the sanded shore,
With tiny wave or boisterous roar,
If all were satisfied.

God never rests, nor stands He still
In all the workings of His will;
The worlds move on apace:
Sun, moon and stars but circle round,
As the Infinity hath found
They best may serve His plan.

Most wonderful in all this plan
Of conscious thought, is restless man,
With impress of Divinity;
And as his Maker does not rest,
So in man's active, restless breast,
Contentment is not found.

ABBA FATHER.

THE illimitable, the incomprehensible,
Which we call God,
Filling all space, abiding in all things,
Moving the mighty universe—
Noiseless and unseen;
Soul of all things,
Essence of all life,
Prime cause of all that was, and is to come;
Whose home!
Is in the blade of grass,
The trembling leaflet,
And the boisterous sea.

Whose voice!
The infant's wail,
The maiden's song,
And thunder's loudest crash;
Whose breath!
May blast the fairest flower;
Whose look!
May wither in an hour;
Whose love!
None can compare;
Whose name —
Not knowing what to call,
Creating each, and ruling all,
We call him Abba Father.

THEY HAVE BORNE AWAY MY TREASURE.

THEY have borne away my treasure—
Borne my treasure far away,
And have left him, cold and lifeless,
Where there's naught but common clay.

They have borne away my treasure,
Torn him from my fond embrace,
And I saw him in a casket,
Like a prison form encased.

They have borne away my treasure,
Rudely sundered every tie ;
Lacerated all the feelings
Which in human bosoms lie.

They have borne away my treasure,
Mystic forms I could not see —
Borne him to a blessed Eden,
Where he only waits for me.

They have borne away my treasure —
There are treasures gone before,
And I know they're waiting for me,
Waiting on the mystic shore.

SINAI.

THE vaulted heavens trembled with fear,
When God on Sinai appeared,
And gave His written law;
The earth with dreadful terror shook,
And Moses dared not even look,
From whence the voice came forth.

The sleeping rocks heard his command,
And passive did not dare to stand
Before his majesty;
They raised their heads, and bowed in fear,
While on their stolid breasts, appeared
God's holy written law.

The sacred Mount, too, hid her face,
And trembled in her rocky base,
When God her bosom pressed;
She vailed her face in smoke, and fire,
As louder rung the mystic lyre,
Throughout eternal space.

Thunders, and lightning rent the air—
God's awful majesty was there—
Loud blew the trumpet blast;
The people quaked with dreadful fear,
Nor to the mountain dare draw near,
But moved them far away.

Darkness obscured each ray of light,
And, in the smoking mountain height,
Moses drew near to God;
His high behest to him was given—
The law to man, from God in heaven,
Was given on Sinai.

WHERE TO LAY ME WHEN I DIE.

NOT where gay and gorgeous splendor,
Rear their palaces around,
Nor where architectural beauty,
Decorates the sacred mound.

But where humble bells are chiming,
Music sweet doth softly flow,
Where the birds shall sing their carols,
Free from sorrow, pain and woe.

Where the wild flowers shed their fragrance,
On the summer's balmy air,
Where there's laughing, limpid streamlets —
When I die, please lay me there.

Lay me where the fragrant flowers,
Bloom above my lonely head ;
Where the grass shall wave my welcome—
Wave a welcome for the dead.

THE LIFE HARMONIC.

WHAT consolation it doth lend,
To know we have a human friend,
Whose impulse is at least in part,
Accordant with our own.
How then, we brave the ills of life,
Through all the weary, anxious strife,
Of time's eventful years.

What hope, what cheer, rise in the soul,
As we approach the final goal
Of life's supreme delight;
Where human friendship does not end,
Where friend in concert with a friend,
Pursue their course together.

This was the bliss that Eden knew,
Whose fruits, supernal ever grew
Upon the tree of life.
'Tis this, that makes the roses bloom,
And gives to each their sweet perfume
That scents the morning air.

'Tis this, that gives the violet's hue,
And beauty in the sparkling dew,
Before the rising sun.
'Tis this that weaves the woof of day,
And by the sun's effulgent ray
Dispels the gloom of night.

'Tis this harmonic life within,
That compensates for all of sin,
From which we suffer here;
It makes the crooked pathway straight,
And in the things we loathe, and hate,
Find something to admire.

It turns the world all upside down
In theories on which we frown
Still find there's something good.
Poor Judas served a purpose well,
And Peter, who a lie did tell,
Was still beloved of God.

God's handiwork the worlds proclaim;
'Twas by His fiat that there came
Each creature into life;
And in his sphere each praises God
As perfectly as they who've trod
The better walks of life.

LOVED AND LOST.

AH yes! the dearest one I knew—
Faded away like morning dew;
I saw him sinking hour by hour,
Yet could not stay death's awful power.

Our souls like one, were knit together,
In bonds so strong that none could sever,
Nor is there aught of human ill,
That can such true devotion chill.

Fierce tempests hurled their rudest blast,
And in our souls, dark shadows cast,
Which love, with all her potent power,
Could not dispel, in that dread hour.

Thus stood we helpless in the gale,
Which did two loving souls assail ;
And calmly looked at the frowning sky,
Which brought but sure destruction nigh.

He drew me closer to his breast,
His lips on mine a kiss impressed,
And in that last farewell embrace
My *bitter* tears bedewed his face.

With anguish then, my soul was wrung,
Hopes, to the bitter winds were flung,
Birds told of sorrow when they sung,
And life indeed was desolate.

SONG OF THE BLIND.

H, I am so blind there's no sight in my eyes
To give me the light of the beautiful skies,
With their tapestry fine of varying hue,
O'erhanging with pictures, and shadings of blue.
Oh, I am so blind there's no beauty to see,
And the world is all dark, all darkness to me;
I hear the sweet song of the birds in their glee,
I wonder, and wonder are they singing for me.

Do they pity my woe, and know I'm so sad?
Oh, the birds in the trees are ever so glad,
But no gladness to me can their song ever bring;
I'm singing of sadness, of sadness I sing.

For the light of the day dawns not on my eyes,
I wonder what beauty there is in the skies.
I grope my way round, 'tis the darkness of night,
And no light from the sun dawns in on my sight.

Oh, yes, I am sad, I am ever so sad,
No joy in my song, for I never am glad,
Though they tell me that heaven is never so far
But Jesus can see us wherever we are.
I'm waiting and waiting for Jesus to come,
For He will bring with Him the light of the sun,
And touching my eyes, like the blind ones of old,
All the beauty of earth I then shall behold.

MY SISTER.

MY sister was sweet and charmingly fair
With eyes like diamonds, and light golden hair;
Her mouth was encircled with jewels of pearl,
And she was an artless, and innocent girl.

My sister was good, none purer than she,
For she was as pure as Heaven could be;
The breath of her soul, was fragrance so sweet,
That angels might even bow down at her feet.

She saw but in man, the good, and the fair,
Nor dreamed that her soul could taste of despair;
She thought that the world was an Eden of bliss,
Nor dreamed that a serpent might lurk in a kiss.

She thought that the world was the fairest of bowers,
And had not a thorn 'mong all its flowers ;
She dreamed that their fragrance only would shed,
Like perfume from heaven, a crown on her head.

She thought that in man was nothing but truth
And yielded to him all the beauty of youth ;
Gave up her soul, with all that was fair,
And reaped but the fruits of bitter despair.

My sister is scorned, and hissed with contempt —
This beautiful flower the tempest has bent ;
Bowed is her head, in the deepest of woe,
Which into the soul of a woman can flow.

The rose in her cheek is pale with despair,
And the light in her eye has faded with care ,
She sees in the world but darkness and gloom,
And her Eden of bliss turned into a tomb.

My sister! ah who can deny her the name?
Where is the first one to censure or blame?
If Jesus were here, I think He alone
Might faultlessly cast at my sister a stone.

LET THERE BE LIGHT.

LET there be light!
And there was heard,
A breath along the leaden air
Which stirred it into life.
It pierced the deadly, deepest gloom,
Which made this world a mouldering tomb
Without an occupant.

Let there be light!
And with it came
Unnumbered forms of every name,
Filling the earth and air;
And that which just before, had been
A shapeless, lifeless, useless thing,
Now bore a beauteous form.

Let there be light!
Again was heard;
And darkness from its depths was stirred—
Man came upon the scene:
A being likened unto God,
And pure as they who first had trod
The upper courts of Heaven.

Let there be light!
And man was crowned;
With solemn stillness all around,
A fairy creature came:
Her form was shapely and divine,
More beautiful than all the kind
Which peopled earth or Heaven.

Let there be light!
Harmonic force,
In all the beauties of its course,
Produced a *perfect* man;

Though in an humble manger born,
The Eastern Star the place adorned,
And shone o'er Nazareth.

Let there be light!
And swiftly came
From science, and from art a flame
Which set the world aglow;
Its silver beams and golden ray
Dispelled the clouds, and mists away,
Which shrouded human minds.

Let there be light!
Intolerance fled;
And persecution's direful tread
No more caused dread alarm.
The reckless, clamorous, thoughtless clan,
Became as peaceful as a lamb,
By truth and science led.

Let there be light!
And from his throne,
The Demon, which the world had owned
And worshiped as a God,
Now, sank into oblivious shade,
While science truthfully displayed
A God who rules with love.

THE SEWING GIRL.

God! she cried, is there no rest?
No comfort here to find?
And must I thus forever stitch,
Stitch on until I'm blind?

'Twas ten o'clock! a winter's night—
This poor girl sat and sewed,
Till blinding tears her eyes had wet,
But yet she sewed, she sewed.

O God! she said, that bread and fire
Should be so dearly bought.
So many stitches one must take,
And for so little wrought.

The deadly paleness in her face,
Still seemed to grow more white;
While the dazzling brightness of her eyes
Outshone the stars of night.

Her tears fell fast, but faster still
Her thread and needle flew,
Till every flounce was in its place,
Frills, placed where they were due.

Thus, pieces lovely garments wrought;
But lovelier far is she,
Than brilliant gems, or diadems
Brought from fair India's sea.

Her pearly fingers, sylph-like form,
Would feast an artist's eye,
While the matchless beauty of her face,
Would with an angel's vie.

But yet this fairy creature toils,
To gain her scanty bread;
While poodle dogs in laps are held,
And bounteously fed.

O God! she cried, can this be right,
To heap so much of woe
On gentle woman's loving heart,
While dogs are pampered so?

She would not 'gainst God's law rebel,
Nor taste unholy bread;
Although her soul was famishing
For what to dogs was fed.

O Angels! should she chance to err—
God only knows, she may,—
Let not her scribe who writes in Heaven,
Keep record of the day.

A MOTHER'S LAMENT.

I MIGHT not with such strength of will
have loved,
Could I have known, that direful fate
would blast
So sweet, and fair a flower.

I conned the precious treasure o'er—
'twas mine,
And in my heart, laid up full store
of love,
For years that might come after.

I watched her every waking hour
with joy,
And thought I ne'er had seen a flower
so sweet,
Nor yet one half so pretty.

No mother's love could be more strong
than mine—
'Twas essence from the love divine
for one,
Whom none was more deserving.

She seemed of me to be a part,
and was
The sum, and substance of my heart;
she made
My home a blissful Eden.

Yet she did not belong to earth,
and hence,
The angels sought her from her birth,
Heaven
Was incomplete without her.

The favored moment came at last,
and then
They took my darling, and with her,
have passed
Beyond the darksome river.

MAGDALENA.

WITH the anguish of her soul's unrest,
And hands clasped closely on her breast,
She raised her longing eyes to Heaven,
In search of peace, earth hath not given,

She longing looked to the ether blue,
Where angels seemed herself to view,
And wondered if their home so bright,
Might give her soul some ray of light.

And she clearly saw some garments fair,
Which looked like those she used to wear,
And with her eyes thus fixed on Heaven,
A matchless charm to her was given.

Oh, her robes with scarlet stains were full,
Yet they became as white as wool;
And for her anguish and unrest,
The peace of Heaven possessed her breast.

While looking still to the pearly height,
Another form appeared in sight,
Whose bleeding hands, and feet, and side,
Proclaimed for sinners He had died.

'Twas at the word of His command,
There came from Heaven a shining band,
And each one bore a royal crown,
For such as were with grief bowed down.

"Reach forth thy hand, a crown is thine;"
Were ever words like these sublime?
"The righteous came I not to save."
But sinners freely He forgave.

O Magdalene, and sinners all,
Who from your high estate did fall,
Here's loving kindness, full and free.
To wash all guilt from you and me.

The righteous have no need of Him;
'Tis only they who've tasted sin,
For whom our Savior cried—
"Eloi! Eloi! Sabachthani!"
And bowed His head and died.

A COMMON HERITAGE.

I.

EXULTANT Monarch! bend your head,
Why thy proud look and stately tread?
Why thy imperious, haughty will?
Thou dost a small commission fill.

II.

Wherefore the words of thy command?
Thou art a serf upon the land;
And even to thy utmost hour—
The mandates of a higher power

III.

Shall rule thee with a mightier hand
Than any power thou canst command;
Yea! even to thy latest breath,
When holding converse with King Death—

IV.

Thou still shalt feel this mighty law
Before which nations bend in awe;
And thou shalt own this power divine,
And bowing, worship at its shrine.

V.

Then, boast not of thy high estate,
For but one cause thou canst be great,
And that all men may claim.
'Tis that Jehovah's signet's worn
By all mankind, however shorn
Of worldly pomp, and gain.

VI.

'Twas by a Master Workman's art,
That every brow and every heart
Is more or less divine,
And man is either great or small,
As he partakes of what to all,
An Infinite hath given.

VII.

A common heritage hath all,
Jehovah God, hath deigned to call
Each, of mankind His child;
And to each one a crown hath given,
That in the summing up in Heaven
There might not one be lost.

VIII.

Then, let oblations rise in praise,
To Him, who's numbered all our days,
And made His work complete:
The richest tribute we can bring,
Is reverence for our God and King
With love for all mankind.

THE ORIGIN OF LIFE.

THE race of life, where hath its bound?
Its beginning, where is it found?
Or whence its course doth flow?
In what dark age had spirit birth?
Was it before there was on earth?
Or life in empty air?

What womb of space with pregnant air
First found intelligence was there,
And thought was brought to life?
Was it before the shining sun's
Creative light began to run?
Nor moon, nor stars there were?

How grand the thought, how deep, how wide;
How fathomless thou spirit Bride,
First in the womb of Time:
Unnumbered ages have grown old,
Since first the spirit birth was told,
And God reigned every-where.

Eternal too, shall be the flow
Of mystic ages, where we go
When life's full course is run;
'Tis not for mortals to divine
The space in which there is no time,
And day no night may know.

There cycles unto cycles roll,
While countless ages, shall unfold
Their own great truths to man;
Infinite space he shall explore
And traverse every shining shore,
With God Supreme o'er all.

IN MEMORIAM. *

WHAT dread alarm is this I hear?
What wail is this breaks on my ear?
Hath death, in unexpected hour,
Mowed down another lovely flower?

And hath the reaper gone his round
When friendly aid could not be found,
And with his scythe cut down the fair?
Was this the wail broke on the air?

Was no one there to smooth her brow,
No one to kiss or comfort now?
No one to give a word of cheer
When cruel Death was drawing near?

* Of Mrs. E. A. C., who was stricken down in an epileptic fit "From the bloom of health to the pallor of death" at the Russ House, San Francisco, May 11th, 1874.

No husband with a loving heart
To ward away Death's cruel dart?
No Father! Mother! Sister dear—
Did no one then to her appear?

No one! No one! How can it be
That one so good and kind as she
Should die alone? and no one near
To dissipate her every fear?

Though human aid could not be found,
Angelic hosts did her surround;
And with her passed the lonely vale,
Where Death can never more assail.

Then weep her not! though sad and drear
May be your homes without her here:
What she has gained, is richer far
Than all of earthly treasures are.

AT A DILAPIDATED GRAVE IN LONE MOUNTAIN.

THOU may'st have struggled long and well
To gain ambition, fame;
Yet thou hast scarcely left behind
The memory of thy name.

Is this the end? the final sum
That man may hope to gain?
The recompense for all his cares —
Reward for all his pain?

A narrow house, so closely built
That one can't turn him round?
And even that encased in earth,
Full six feet under ground?

Where creeping worms of slimy form
May crawl his body o'er;
And human friends look on his face,
Ah! never, never more?

Shut out from all the world of light,
From glory and from fame,
With single slab above his head,
On which inscribed his name?

If this be all! the final sum
That's left us to attain,
How truly wretched then are we
How well we may complain.

MOTHER.

WHAT name on earth, is there so dear
As the sacred name, Mother?
What other word, can have the cheer
To soothe our brow and dry the tear,
Like the dear word, Mother?

Oh tell me where in Heaven, or Earth,
Another name is found,
So filled with hallowed memories
And with such joyous sound,
As that dear name, Mother?

What other name can wanderers hear
In distant, foreign climes,
To give fresh memories of home
Like that dear name of *thine*, Mother,
Like that dear name of thine?

What other name can have the power
To check a wild career?
And lead us back from untouched sin,
As the name we all revere,
Of blessed Mother dear?

What other name can melt the heart
That's hardened been by crime?
And give contrition to the soul,
Like that loved name of thine, Mother,
Like that loved name of thine?

Dearest Mother, thy precious name
Shall fall from lips in prayer;
That God will keep thee safe from harm,
And shield thee, every-where,
And shield thee, every-where.

CAN I BE FICKLE?

DEAR one, could I for sure depend
That thou wouldst love till life should end
Its weary pilgrimage,
I'd seek no other place to rest
My bruised heart or aching breast,
But in thy fond embrace.

I'd look me to no other sky
Than that in which thy charming eye
Would give my soul its light;
I d look me for no other joy
Than that which should my soul employ,
Forever loving thee.

I'd twine the tendrils of my heart
Where thou shouldst share the greater part
And be my chief delight;
I'd have one thought, and that of thee,
That where thou wert, there I might be,
And from thee never part.

No breath should cool my heated brow
But that which did thy love endow,
And wert of thee a part;
No lips should press their nectar sweet
Where mine, in unison should meet
Companionship of soul.

No other voice should charm my ear,
Be thou soever far or near,
I still would faithful be;
No other form should please my eye,
For thee, I evermore would sigh
And loving worship thee.

I'd ask no other earthly gain,
Forego all pleasure, bear all pain
To share thy love alone;
And only fickle would I be,
When feeling thou hast set me free
In loving yet another.

THINGS TO AVOID.

TWO things in life, there's to avoid;
Their steps, take hold on hell;
They'll prey upon your vital force,
And sound your funeral knell.

They'll fill your bodies with disease,
And worse, pollute your soul;
They'll rob you of life's happiness,
Your comfort, and repose.

They'll sever home, and family ties,
And give a mortal sting;
Nor can the smallest solace give,
For the misery they bring.

Twin Sisters these two vices are,
They flourish as the rose ;
They'll stamp their imprint on your face,
Dishonor on life's close.

There's no disguise can hide the fact
If these are chosen friends ;
Though frailty's weak, she still is strong
In accomplishing her ends.

OUR DARLING.

WE miss him! we miss him our darling,
We miss his sweet prattle and glee;
And we long once more to behold him,
Our darling that's over the sea.

The cot, and the cradle are empty;
The bat, and the ball on the floor,
And the drum, is still where he left it,
For Freddie will use them no more.

The birds, when they sing their sweet carols—
Sing lonely, and sadly to me;
And my heart, seems bursting with anguish,
For Freddie far over the sea.

The morning now dawns on us sadly,
Our souls with a weight is oppressed;
Our darling, we never may see him
Nor clasp his loved form to our breast.

The Angels, they came with a whisper—
So quiet none heard them but he;
He listened to what they said to him,
And with them, passed over the sea.

O Angels! come, once again whisper,
And this time, please whisper to me;
And bring me some news from my darling,
My darling that's over the sea.

O tell me, if baby is wishing
His mamma would come to him soon,
And if in his beautiful heaven
For all there is plenty of room.

O Angels! who cares for my baby?
Have you a blest seraph so fair
That, by her sweet, tender caresses,
He thinks his dear mamma is there?

I know that I hear, when I listen,
Sweet music from over the sea;
'Tis Angels, a lullaby singing,
And baby is thinking it's me.

A WIFE'S PLEA.

Dedicated to Mrs. Britannia Plinny Powers, of Detroit, Michigan.

LEAVE me in the early spring-time,
When all nature's bright and gay;
Leave me when the sun in splendor
Drives the shades of night away.

Leave me when thine eyes are brightest,
When the bloom is on thy cheek;
Leave me when thy perfect manhood
Health and beauty shall bespeak.

Leave me when the sky is clearest,
When life's stars full brightly shine;
Leave me when thou art the dearest;
Leave me when I'm wholly thine.

Leave me when the world shall woo me,
While its charms my soul engage;
Leave me in my health and vigor;
Leave me not in crippled age.

If thou must, O darling, leave me,
Ere the shadows thickly fall,
Leave me when the bloom of summer
May bedeck thy fun'ral pall.

Leave, oh! leave me not, my darling,
Though the blossoms bloom or fade;
Summer suns would pale and darken;
Deepest gloom my spirit shade.

Death would spread its sable mantle
O'er the scenes which I hold dear;
And though all the world were joyous,
My soul would be a fun'ral bier.

Leave me, darling, leave me never!
Fold me in your warm embrace,
Shield me from life's storms and battles,
Press me closer to your face!

Leave me not, oh, leave me never!
Let my heart beat close to thine,
While your lips with love's sweet fragrance,
Press their kisses upon mine.

Leave me not, oh, never! never!
Sever not life's bright golden chain!
What were all the joys of Eden
Should I not thy love retain!

Other ones might smile to woo me,
Other hands extend for mine;
But if thou with death wert sleeping,
My stricken heart would still be thine.

Leave me not, whate're the seasons,
In bloom of youth or trembling age;
Shine the sun howe'er so brightly,
Its beams could not my grief assuage.

Leave me not, oh, darling, never!
Ashes may unto ashes turn,—
But in spirit come thou to me;
For I would still thy form discern.

MY FATHER'S GRAVE.

WHAT pang on earth is there so great,
As that which pierced me sore,
When a loving Father bowed his head
And was of earth no more?

That pang sank deep into my soul;
The joyous world seemed drear;
My heart was wrung with agony,
Tear followed *bitter* tear.

Fond recollections rise afresh,
But how their mem'ries sting;
No loving thought, or word, or deed,
Can aught of solace bring.

Such hopeless grief is this we feel,
None with it can compare;
For who may give us back our dead?
Who lighten our despair?

The grass shall wave above his tomb;
The winds shall moan, and sigh;
Him shall we never see again,
Nor feel his presence nigh.

Autumnal rains shall shed their tears
Upon his lonely tomb;
And winter winds shall sing his dirge
For ages yet to come.

THE OUTCAST.

SHE died all alone,
And no one was near,
To shed for this Outcast
A pitying tear,
Or pillow her comfortless head.

She died all alone,
In darkness of night,
The stars looked down on this
Pitiable sight—
In wretchedness, want and in woe.

She died all alone;
Poor child of despair;
Was freighted with grief,
And laden with care—
Weighed down with the guilt of her soul

She thought of her home,
And days of her youth;
Unblemished her soul,
And spotless as truth
Was her blush, in life's early morn.

But came there an hour
When, tempted by sin,
Like mortal, she fell
From sin unto sin,
And drank of the wormwood and gall.

She tasted the dregs
Of the bottomless pit;
Cast out from the world—
A thing, that's unfit
To mix with the rest of mankind.

They buffet and hoot
This child, in her crime:
More guilty are they
In eyes just, divine,
Than she whom they scorn in her woe.

Speak kindly to such,
And lighten their care;
Tell them there is hope
For those in despair;

Tell them, though erring,
That they may regain
Woman's high crowning;
But which, to attain,

They must abandon
The highways of shame,
And go, crown *themselves*
Pure women again.

She wandered from home,
Denying her name;
She would not pollute
Her parents' fair fame,
Nor mantle their cheeks with a blush.

She buried her grief,
And sank in her shame;
Down, down to the depths
She suddenly came,
And wondered if God was severe.

She raised up her eyes,
To offer a prayer,
But faltered her tongue;
'Twas mute with despair,
Though Angels were waiting to save.

Her prayer was a sigh
That God would be kind,
And hide in darkness
Her sins from her mind,
And give her composure and rest.

She longed for waters;
Stepped into the pool;
Drank of the fountain;
Was washed and made whole—
With Angels drew nearer to God.

Was heard there a sound
In Heaven so clear,
As when this sinner,
Repentant, drew near,
To sit at the feet of the Lamb?

Clothed in new garments,
With never a stain,
Came, as a Seraph
Or bright Angel came—
For God is forgiving to all.

"I WISH I WERE DEAD."

"I WISH I were dead!"
How carelessly said,
One bright and early morning.
Wish to be dead in summer time?
While life is scarcely in its prime?
Ere thy sun to noon has risen?

Wish to be dead!
How careless said—
How lightly it was spoken;
The summers' suns have ris'n and set,
In years but twenty-three, as yet,
And shone upon your head.

Wish to be dead!
For what wouldst die?
Hast thou no aim for which to sigh,
No object yet ere thou shalt die,
No purpose to attain?

Wish to be dead!
Hast thou fulfilled
The object of thy Father's will,
For which He sent thee here?
Is there no hope, thy soul to thrill—
No mission in thy life to fill—
That thou shouldst wish to die?

Wish to be dead!
Ah! say it not;
It cannot be thou hast forgot
There's seed and harvest time:—

The sun may hide his golden rays,
But yet there's plentitude of days
In which to prosper here.

Wish to be dead!
Thou hast no right
To wish that all this world of light
Were shut from out thy life—
This precious life thy God hath given;
And in thy aim if thou hast striven
To do His purpose well,
He'll crown thee with immortal life,
And thou shalt dwell where there's no strife,
In all the courts of Heaven.

CALIFORNIA.

O Glorious land, where the sun sinks to rest
In the genial folds of Nature's warm breast;
And, resting his feet in the pulsating sea,
Comes with the morning, all radiant with glee,
And wooes me back to thy Eden of bliss,
Where Nature tempts Heaven with her balmiest kiss.

ANOTHER OUTCAST.

ANOTHER outcast, great God! here is found,
With naught for her bed but comfortless ground;
With naught to shelter, or shield her from cold—
The buffets of men, and scorn of the world.

Eyes, once like diamonds, outrivaled the stars;
Soul, pure as Venus, and lovely as Mars;
Moulded her figure, by genius and grace,
And carved in beauty, each line of her face.

Pity her, Seraphs, oh, pity! I cried;
Pity her, Jesus, in sin though she died!
Though wandered from home like Prodigal Son—
Pity her, Father! she still is Thine own.

Oh! save her to-night, though living or dead,
And, Heaven's pure Angels, shed tears on her head
Oh! pity her, God, wherever she's found,
And let not a curse cry out from the ground.

Though marked, as was Cain, on forehead and brow
Once stainless her soul—oh, that it were now!
Canst Thou not shrive her, dear Lord, as of yore,
And bid her in peace, go and sin never more?

Jesus, our Saviour! she's praying to Thee—
She's heard of Thy love, and dark Calvary;
She's heard of Thy groans, and tears Thou didst shed
For those who in sin and trespass were dead.

She's heard that Thou lovest and still art with men;
Dost love and forgive, though sinners they've been.
Jesus, forgive her, wash out her stain;
Crown her, though fallen, Thy kindred again.

TO A FRIEND.

MEM'RY, dear Memory,
E'er faithful and true,
Brings a halo of glory
When thinking of you.
The past and the present,
Too full for despair,
Bid me hope for the future,
And wrestle with care;
Bid me bury the past
As something that's dead;
Only live for the present,
Let dead bury the dead.

Yet one press of thy hand,
One look from thine eye,
Just one comforting word—
To know that a sigh
Is upwelling for me—
Life's ills would dispel
And brighten the future.
Then tell me, ah! tell,
If of me thou dost think,
If still in thy heart
There remains but one link
Which binds me to thee.

CHRISTMAS.

RING out the bells, the merry bells,
Each joyous Christmas bell;
Ring out o'er all the happy land,
Your joyous tidings tell.

Ring out, ring out with joyous strain,
Peal forth in loud acclaim;
This is the year of jubilee,
Glad tidings now proclaim.

Good will and peace reign o'er the land;
No warrior's tramp is heard;
From East to West, from North to South,
Send forth the joyous word.

Ring out the call, the loving call,
That summons friends together,
And there let each in union clasp
The other as his brother.

Ring forth, ring forth in every heart,
Ring forth a song of praise
To Him, the ever living God,
The Ancient One of days.

TO A HUSBAND.

AY thine eye never shine less brightly than now,
Nor the rose in thy cheek become dim,
Nor furrow e'er wrinkle thy fair marble brow,
Nor a passion provoke thee to sin.

No tempter allure from the home thou hast loved,
From the wife and the child thou hast blest;
Ne'er permit any other to pillow her head
Where the wife of thy bosom should rest.

Oh, look not on her who would tempt thee to stray,—
On the form that bewitching, allures;
She's charms that may last scarce a full, fleeting day,
And their pleasures may tarnish thy years.

Look not on the wine when it sparkles so red,
Nor once taste of the full, flowing bowl:
'T will lessen the beauty and grace of thy head,
And the charm of thy generous soul.

THE FOUNDLING.

WHOSE child is this?
The Foundlings' Home
Hath found another charge—
Drifting on the sea of life—
A frail and tiny barge.

Whose child is this?
A tender waif
Bereft of father love;
None to guide its little feet,
Save Him who rules above.

Whose child is this?
What mother love
Hath been so turned to stone?
How could she thus leave her child
Abandoned and alone?

Whose child is this?
Ah! who can tell
What sea of human woe
'Whelmed in sorrow mother love,
In its divinest flow.

Whose child is this?
But here's a card
Upon the little waif,
Written in the finest hand
Which woman's pen could trace.

Upon its face and on its clothes
Are sprinkled briny tears,
Which fell like rain drops, while she prayed
That all the coming years
Would save her child from such distress
As wrung its mother's heart,
When forced by utter helplessness
From her first-born to part.
What untold anguish caused those tears!
How rapidly they fell—
Betraying by their overflow
A grief no tongue can tell.
No artist's brush could ever paint
Such poignancy of grief,
No human lips could utter words
To give her soul relief.
"O God!" she cried in her despair,
"How can I leave my child?

With contumely I am hissed,
My brain seems turning wild;
And love has changed to serpents' stings,
Which mock me in my woe;
And women shun me in my path,
As something vile and low.
Life's sweetest pleasures on my lips
Hang heavy, like a pall.
Oh! why, like Hager, am I left
In abandonment to fall?
And, like her, cast my child away,
Beyond a mother's care?
My only offering of love!
My God! in mercy spare,
Oh, spare me from this bitter cup,
This draught of deepest woe.
Which falls like ice upon my heart,
And freezes every flow

Of life's warm, gushing, crimson tide:—
Upon my frenzied soul
It casts a cloud as dense and dark
As did o'er Calvary roll."
And then, upon her bended knee,
With babe clasped to her breast,
Oh! how she plead with God in Heaven,
In anguish and unrest,
That He who feeds the raven's young,
And hears them when they cry,
Would not desert her darling child,
But would be ever nigh.
And then, ah! then, how tremblingly
She turned her wearied quest,
Where little foundlings have a home,
And here's another guest.

THREE LINKS—RESIGNATION, FAITH AND HOPE.

IS as the good angels would have it,
God knoweth and doeth what's best,
And from the dark waves which engulf us
We'll gather sweet comfort and rest.

Deep down in the ocean of sorrow
Lie hidden full many a goal;
We may from Gethsemane borrow
Rare jewels, as priceless as souls.

There flows with the blood and the water,
Which gush from humanity's side,
Such truths as we only may gather
When the thong and spear are applied.

The wine press which mangles and crushes
Each feeling and thought, as it rolls,
Distils, in its richest profusion,
The sweetest aroma of souls.

The thorns which imprint on our foreheads
The stamps of unutterable woe,
Are signets and seals of our Master,
Whose love never ceases to flow.

And the cross which all men must carry,
However so early or late,
Is a signal sent to them from Heaven,
And a pass at death's beautiful gate.

TO MASONRY.

E noble men, Free Masons,
So staunch, and true, and tried,
Your faith is founded on the Word
Which good men ne'er deride.

Yours is the faith of Abraham,
Whose precepts were divine;
And all the teachings of your faith
Are squared by plumb and line.

'Twas in the old Jerusalem
Your Craft was first made known;
Your members then were sons of toil,
Hewers of wood and stone.

Still later was your Craft confirmed
By the famous council Troyes;
Who, in their wisdom, understood
Your grand and holy laws.

Then on your altars there was laid
A holy, sacred volume;
In it is found your rules of faith,
Whereon rests every column.

Then, with foundations firm and strong
Your columns all upholding,
Still build upon the Book of books,—
God's sacred truths unfolding.

The corner-stones of nations all,
Bearing exalted name,
Are laid within your mighty Craft,—
Their principles the same.

The churches of the nations,
Whatever be their name,
Cannot excel, in all their good,
The glory of your fame.

Your hands reach out o'er all the land,
To help a needy brother;
While every orphaned child is thine,
And every widowed mother.

Your bonds of faith, insep'rable,
Bind each one to the other;
And you have yet another tie,
More strong than that of brother.

It wards off sad, impending fate,
And shields when can't another;
This is the tie that binds more strong
Than brother unto brother.

It makes the dark skin as the white;
The Jew and Gentile brother;
Here likewise meet the friend and foe,
And, meeting, love each other.

Then, with foundations firm and strong,
Your base, God's holy volume,
Still build upon the Book of books,
On it rests every column.

RETROSPECTION AND ANNUNCIATION.

WHAT are all life's joys and sorrows?
What are all its griefs and pains?
What are all its disappointments?
What its treasures? What its gains?

Short-lived moments, quickly passing,
Days, that change them into night;
Hours of pleasure change to sadness,
Darkness supersedes the light.

Hopes lie withered, hearts are bleeding;
Brightest prospects quickly fade;
Thorns are strewn along our pathway;
Clouds the brightest sunshine shade.

But a morn of bright awak'ning,
Where immortelles deck hill and glade,
Dawns on our expectant vision,
Flow'rs bloom there and never fade.

There we gain life's compensation,
Sorrows are exchanged for joy;
Hopes once withered bloom in beauty,
Pleasures tasted never cloy.

In that home is life's fruition;
Rainbow tints each cloud becurl;
And each drop of heart blood anguish
There becomes a shining pearl.

Crippled age returns to manhood,
Steps once feeble now are strong;
Health and beauty crown each forehead,
Sobs of sorrow change to song.

Hallelujahs now re-echo
All along the sounding shore;
Mortals catch the revibration,
Welding links forevermore.

WOMAN.

WHAT, indeed, art thou, O Woman?
Heart with tender fibres strung;
Love enduring, never failing,
Though thy soul with sorrow's wrung.

Though thy prospects all are faded.
And thy hopes each one decay,
Thou dost bring thy votive offering,
Where hope's smouldering ashes lay.

Though dishonor crown man's forehead.—
He who should thy glory be,—
Thou wilt even bear his burthen,
Never asking to be free.

Through life's youth and bloom of summer,
Through life's bitter sleet and snow,
Thou dost follow man's meanderings—
Where he leads thou'lt trusting go.

Thou art seen in gory battle,
Thou art seen on ocean's main,
In thy woman's fond endeavor
Brother, lover to regain.

Glorious woman, wife and mother,
Truest love thy soul doth bear;
Never shrinking from thy duty,
Bearing patiently thy care.

Thou art found, oh, faithful woman,
Where the fever's scorching pain
Drinks up all of health and beauty,
Making mad the burning brain.

There with hand both soft and gentle,
Ministering with kindly touch,
Man doth bless thee as an angel:—
And, oh woman, thou art such.

In thy home, dear, priceless woman,
Thou art man's chief help and friend;
Thou dost make of life an Eden,—
This thy mission, purpose, end.

Thou art chosen, gentle woman,
By thy unexampled form,
As the mother of the Nations,—
Thou wast not for contest born.

But should misfortune call thee forth,
To stem life's stormy sea,
In noble deeds, or works, or faith,
Thou wilt not wanting be.

"Excelsior" thy motto, then,
O woman, doubly crowned,
For in thy perfect womanhood
Man's noblest gifts abound.

All that's good, and pure, and holy
Finds embodiment in thee;
In thy being there is blended
Perfect love and trinity,

Noblest mission ever given,
Seraphs not so regal crowned
As art thou, oh, peerless woman,—
Heaven hath not thine equal found.

In thy soul, O matchless woman,
Thou hast fascinating charms;
And their power wields stronger weapons,
Than man's ballot, or his arms.

NIGHT.

HOW gently fall the shades of night
In glimmering rays of softened light!
How spreads her mantle, cool and pale,
O'er mountain tops and pastoral vale!

How lull the weary ones to rest
Beneath the shadows of her breast!
How woos the world at day-light's close
'Neath coverlets of sweet repose!

How hurries home on laden wing
The bee, who sweetest treasure brings,
Culled from many a shrub and flower,
From willow glade and forest bower!

How cattle, after evening's meal,
'Midst gathering shadows slowly kneel,
To chew again their midnight cud,
While jeweled stars the heavens bestud!

How men to homes or haunts repair!
While crouching wild beasts from their lair
Steal softly forth to prowl for prey,
Till night glides far from wak'ning day.

How women turn from anxious care
To closets where they bow in prayer!
Or o'er the narrow trundle-bed
Ask blessings on some flaxen head!

How laughing childhood goes to rest
Pillowed upon its mother's breast!
With feeble step how age retires
Unsatisfied with life's desires!

How sleeping birds on boughs doth swing
With heads concealed 'neath folded wing!
Or, sitting on some new-made nest,
Fold tender fledgelings to their breast!

How crickets chirp with joyful glee
'Neath hanging boughs on bending tree!
How frogs sing out their hoarser note
From marshy bogs where lilies float!

How sweet, night's cool, refreshing air!
How glisten dew-drops, pure and fair,
On blades of grass and tender flower!—
Bright jewels of the midnight hour!

'Tis thus the night is whiled away,
Till morn comes ush'ring in the day;
When men arise to meet life's fray,
Women to work, and watch, and pray.

CAST YOUR BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

CAST your bread upon the waters;
They are winding to the sea,
And with human souls are freighted,
Destined for Eternity.

Cast your bread upon the waters,
Sow your costly, richest grain;
In the soul's eternal store-house
'Twill be gathered up again.

Cast your bread upon the waters,
Dry the tear from childhood's eye,
Speak a gentle word of comfort
To the beggar passing by.

Cast your bread upon the waters,
Hear the outcast's awful moan ;
Down into their depths of sorrow,
Let your love be freely sown.

Benisons of souls in anguish
Shall ascend to Heaven's high dome ;
When the Master says, "Come higher,"
They'll be written on His throne.

Oh! the bread shall all be gathered ;
For there's not so barren ground
But that, if the seed be planted,
There shall be a harvest found.

To the widow and the orphan,
Wheresoe'er distress is known,
Be it in the gilded palace,
On the wayside or the throne,

Be it clothed in purple vestments,
Or in rags on child of shame,
Every word that giveth comfort
Is the bread and golden grain.

And the spikenard and the ointment,
Which to use were thought not meet,
They were far less costly offerings
Than the tears which washed His feet.

And the widow with her offering,
Though it be an humble mite,
It shall be of greater value
Than the sacerdotal rite.

And the man who loves his neighbor,
Be he e'er so rich or poor,
He shall surely find acceptance
As a good and faithful doer.

And the Book wherein is judgment,
Which the final die shall cast
That shall gauge our hell or Heaven,
Will be the retrospective past.

Each one's soul shall be the angel
That records the deeds he's done ;
And so legibly be written,
They shall live though fades the sun.

Yes, the Book of Life shall open,
It shall be the living soul ;
And each page, whereon is written,
Will be a true and faithful scroll.

Mountains then shall fail to hide us,
Subterfuge to fitly screen ;
Honest, earnest soul-endeavor
Alone can wash the spirit clean.

SOLAR RAYS.

THY rays in streams of gladness
Make rich the desert place,
And spread a floral off'ring
Where reigned a barren waste.

They scent the sweet forget-me-not,
The violet, and the rose;
They paint the humble dew-drop;
The lilies' charms disclose.

They spread a blush of beauty,
To cover nature's mould;
And in their warm embraces
The grace of love enfold.

They quivered in the verdure
That clothed the forest wild ;
And shone upon the rainbow
When first its promise smiled.

They send abundant fragrance
Through every flow'ry plain ;
They ride upon the morning air.
And clothe the rip'ning grain.

They robe the royal heavens
With variegated light ;
And, through the pale faced lunar orb,
Dispel the shades of night.

DECORATION DAY.

PREAD garlands of pansies and roses
O'er the graves where our dead soldiers lay;
For them build a temple of mourning,
And a shrine which shall never decay.

The Nation with turmoil was riven,
While death threatened in every throe;
The heart of the people was bleeding,
And their ensign was trailing in woe.

Then came to the front these defenders,
In the strength of their manhood and pride;
How bravely they fought our dread battles!
Oh! how fearlessly struggled and died!

They heard the fierce shriek of the battle,
The wild scream of the grape-shot and shell;
Yet, dauntless, they marched to the conflict,
To the field where they valiantly fell.

Then give your fresh garlands of roses,
Weave a chaplet for every head.
The Nation with homage is bending
O'er the graves of her Patriot Dead.

We owe them the deepest oblations;
'Tis a debt we never can pay;
Then spread your fresh garlands of roses
O'er the graves where their pale ashes lay.

These flowers, how well they're befitting!
Cut off in the full bloom of their pride;
Like the boys whose graves they embellish,
Ere the morrow they, too, shall have died.

But what of the brave ones who've fallen
Where the battle was fiercest, and hot !—
Whose graves are unmarked by a headstone !
Shall sweet florals for them be forgot ?

For them weave your amaranth flowers,
Twine your crosses with fair immortelles ;
For them ring your last parting salute
In the chime of your musical bells.

DEDICATED TO THE AUTHOR OF TEUCHSA GRONDIE.

IMMORTAL Bard! thy pen of fire
How well hath told of Indian ire!
How well proclaimed his love and hate,
His passion wild, insensate!

How well thou hast his story sung!
As though thine own were Indian tongue.
How deep the quaff thy soul hath drunk,
Nor from his passions base hath shrunk!

His tomahawk and scalping knife,
The war whoop and the festal strife,
The blazing fagot's fearful flame,
The white man's dread and Indian's shame,—

All these thy pen hath painted clear.
The hunt, the chase for antlered deer,
The harvest moon with fields of corn,
And squalid huts where scalps adorn,

Yea, of the wild, unlettered race,
Thy pen, O Bard, with skilful trace
Hath sketched his record full and clear;
His hope, his hate, his love, his fear.

The happy hunting ground hath found,
Where Bison, Bear, and Elk abound,
And streams replete with finny tribe,—
The blooming maid and blushing bride.

Yea, each of these thy pen hath traced;
Its record time cannot efface;
'Tis writ in many a purple flood
Of manhood's, and of youthful blood.

CHANGING SEASONS.

THE rolling years rush swiftly by ;
The seasons, how they change !
From sear hoar-frost and wintry air,
The spring comes forth with violets fair,
Beneath the chilling snow.

And spring glides on to summer skies
Beneath whose burning sun
The little dewdrop folds its eye,
The tulip droops, and rosebuds die,
Soft grasses curl and fade :

And summer lengthens out her days
To autumn's richest sheen,
Where rainbow colors deck the glade,
And forests bloom in many a shade
Of red, and green, and gold.

Then autumn crowds its onward way
To winter's chilling breast,
Where beauty lies in ice-bound shrouds
Let down from frosty, fleecy clouds;
'Tis Nature's funeral day.

PROVERB.

They who do no wrong
Fear no evil.

TO A PANSY.

BEAUTIFUL pansy,
With your purple and gold,
How marvelous the grace,
Which your face doth infold!
How sweetly you tell me,
That 'tis wisdom and truth,
Which is clothing your life
With the freshness of youth.
O delicate pansy,
With a modesty rare,
You are hiding your face
In bright velvet so fair.

Sure, God in His wisdom
Has given you a kiss,
With fragrance so luscious
That it woos unto bliss,
Where'er its pure touches
Dispense on the air
Such perfume as Heaven
Alone can prepare.

O pansy, dear pansy,
How I blush to behold
Your sweet modesty clothed
In such purple and gold ;
A prouder adorning
Ne'er graced kingdom or throne,
Than those which the Father
In your vestments has shown.

But tell me, dear pansy,
In that beautiful land,
Beyond the dark river
Of life's swift flowing strand,
Shall I meet you again
In lovely array ?
With bud, and with blossom,
For ever and aye ?

Oh ! I know you will live
On that beautiful shore,
Where roses and pansies
Will bloom ever more ;
For Heaven will be brighter,
Yes, more dear and more fair,
If pansies, dear Father,
And sweet roses are there.

NEVER FAILING GUIDE.

IT WAS in the gloomy garden;
Bitter tears were freely shed,
And the gentle dews of midnight
Fell upon the weeper's head.

And those tears have thrilled creation
With their majesty and awe;
For such wondrous love and pity,
Nor men nor angels ever saw.

He has heard my cry of anguish,
He has heard my bitter wail,
He has beaten back the tempest,
When too strong has blown the gale.

When my soul stood all deserted,
Then this Friend to me was near;
He has felt each wave of sorrow,
He has seen each bitter tear.

Yes, indeed, this Friend has loved me,
Been a never failing Guide;
And His angel guards attend me
Whatsoe'er my steps betide.

See His wonders in creation —
Change of seasons, day and night:
See the earth to give me nurture,
And the sun to give me light.

See the flora of His kingdom,
Varied as the stars above;
See the fruit and vegetation!
All these tell me, "God is love."

And the course of many waters
Filled with life of varied form;
And the cool, and shady forest
Resonant with birds of song;

And the gentle, pearly dew-drop
Falling from its height above:—
All were made by His good pleasure
To reveal a Father's love.

Yes, indeed, this Friend has loved me,
Stamped me with His signet ring,
Put a crown upon my forehead,
Calling me, "Child of a King,"

Fitted up a mansion for me,
Frescoed all its walls with stars;
And I see His royal vestments
In the rainbow's tinted bars.

AN ONLY SON.

I'M SAD to-night, I must have rum!
Let's see how many years have flown,
Since first I tipped the flowing bowl,
And drank such ruin to my soul.

Ah! then I was a gay young lad:
No grief, remorse or sad despair
Had swept into my youthful soul;
And yet I drained the flowing bowl.

I drank for joy, I drank for glee,
I drank when others drank for me,
Because it was the social bowl,—
The flow of reason, feast of soul.

And then I drank to pass the time,
As merry rang the tinkling dime;
The joke passed round, and then began
The ruin of an only son.

I'm but a wreck, a drunken sot!
By friends despised, perhaps forgot!
My gold, 'tis in the rum-shop tills,
To pay for rum and whisky bills.

Ah! can I, must I yet drink rum?
I, a poor mother's only son!
And drive her down with whitened hair
And trembling form to sad despair.

No, no! I'll break the galling chain
That binds the reason, soul and brain;
I'll dash away the cursed bowl
Which blights the body and the soul.

And then, perhaps, her smile will come,
As mother sees her only son
Is saved from whisky's awful brink,
Where many boys in ruin sink.

MAXIM.

Unkind words are the implements
Which dig graves in the human heart,
Wherein are deposited the ashes
Of love's funeral pyre.

NOTHING BUT ASHES.

NOTHING but ashes!
The roses decay,—
Their beautiful bloom
Soon fades away,
And leaves
Nothing but ashes.

Nothing but ashes!
Oh memory, how sweet!
Its mystical charms
Are laid at our feet,
And yield
Nothing but ashes.

Nothing but ashes!
And is there no rest
For wearisome care
Which rankles the breast,
And leaves
Nothing but ashes?

Nothing but ashes!
For hopes and for fears,
For joys and sorrows
Which make up our years,
Is there
Nothing but ashes?

Nothing but ashes
On which to recline!
For famishing hearts
And souls that repine,
Is there
Nothing but ashes?

Nothing but ashes!
For prodigal son,
Or Magdalen's heart
Which anguish has wrung,
Is there
Nothing but ashes?

Nothing but ashes!
Has memory's chain
No link which exists
Beyond this refrain?
Is life
Nothing but ashes?

Nothing but ashes!
On which to bridge o'er
The dark flowing strand
To Eternity's shore,
Is there
Nothing but ashes?

Nothing but ashes!
Life's roseate hue
Fades on the lips,
Is subtle as dew,
And leaves
Nothing but ashes.

Nothing but ashes!
And is there no charm
Which shall the dark tomb
Of terror disarm?
Is there
Nothing save ashes?

Nothing but ashes!
The Crown and the Cross,—
Shall these be accounted
As idle, as dross,
Which yield
Nothing but ashes?

Nothing but ashes!
Dear Father above,
Thy boundless compassion,
Thy fullness of love
Turneth
Never to ashes.

FIRST GREAT CAUSE.

GO, ASK the tiniest blade of grass,
Fresh from its mother earth,
Whence came the germ from which it sprang
From chaos into birth.

Then ask the violet's velvet face,
Arrayed in beauty fair,
How was it that her colors came,
Wrought out by earth and air.

The violet lifts her wondrous face
Toward the ether blue,
While deeper paints the purple flood
Her velvet tissues through.

Next, ask the freshly budding rose
With offering of perfume,
Whence came her lovely, blushing face,
Her foliage, bud and bloom.

How silently she speaks to us,
With breath of sweet perfume :—
"God having touched the virgin earth,
Gave me my bud and bloom."

Go to the ocean's briny main,
Tossed on the billowy deep,
And ask his ever-changing tides,
Who doth his boundaries keep.

The swelling ocean from his depths
An answer doth proclaim :—
"Jehovah walks amidst the deep,
And binds the raging main."

Ask of the winds whose hoarser notes
Doth cause man's soul to quail,
How gentle zephyrs cease to be,
And awful storms prevail.

The zephyr whispers to the sea;
The sea gives back a moan:—
"God hath unchained his awful steed,
And hence the dread cyclone."

If thou can'st climb the starry heights
Go ask the God of day:—
Whence million orbs pursue their course,
Nor ever lose their way.

He answers through his burning rays
Of dazzling splendor bright:—
"God marketh out our every way,
And leads us in the night."

SABBATH.

SOFT and gentle as a zephyr
Borne on summer's balmy air,
Comes the hallowed Sabbath morning,
Dissipating all my care.

For its quiet, sacred musings
Bring with it a joy divine;
And I get of heaven a foretaste,
Bowing at the Master's shrine.

I can look beyond the portals,
Hear the music of the spheres,
Hear the anthem and the chorus
Resonant through all the years.

I can hear loud hallelujahs
As they chime from shore to shore;
Mortals stand within the gate-way,
Angels bridge the chasm o'er.

NOTHING LOST.

H, who can tell
The first great cause?
Or who the mystery solve
From whence the mighty worlds come forth,
What law observes them all?
How swings each one in empty space
In its revolving sphere?
No jar nor discord with them all;
For law supreme is here.
We may not solve this wondrous power,
From whence or how it came;
For man is finite—this alone
Infinity can explain.

Or can the earthen vessel say
By whom or how 'twas wrought?
Nor yet can mortal man explain
God's purposes or thought.
Yet, sure it is, a First Great Cause
Has fashioned at His will,
Our very nature in a mould,
By His infinite skill.
As not an atom e'er is lost
In all created things,
Shall man declare that he alone
Of all God's mighty works,
Can find some spot
Where God can not
His conscious being bring?
What though we burn on funeral pyres,
Or sink beneath the sea,

Yet, in the Great Creator's thought,
Our being still shall be
A part and parcel of the whole
Which makes eternity.
And if the body which we see
Can never be destroyed,
What of the better part of man,
The image of the Lord?
This thing which thinks is matter, too,
An indestructible part,
And is of the Creator's works
His master-piece of art.

THE SERPENT OF THE STILL.

THE foaming bowl!
The accursed bowl,
The demon of the still!
A mortal pang
Is in its fang;
It fascinates to kill.

Yes, it enslaves;
It never saves
The victims of the still.
It puts a ban
On every man
Who feeds the rum-shop's till.

It scatters death
In many a home—
This monster of the still.
Its greedy maw
Defies the law
And murders whom it will.

A mother's joy,
A father's pride,
This Demon of the still
Has slain them by
A thousand score:
His license is to kill.

He threatens now
Our government
With his Satanic sting:
Our statesmen bow
Low at his feet;
For Bacchus is their king.

Then, rally! ye
Who love your homes,
And save your country's cause!
Nor let the friends
Of Bacchus make
Our Governmental laws.

Rally on each
Election day!
Bring out your forces strong,
And put to flight
The drunken hosts
That round King Bacchus throng!

Then, we shall have
A Government
Of which to proudly boast:
Nations and men
Will chant her praise
From East to Western coast.

GOD IS LOVE.

GOD speaks in every song of bird;
In tiny shrub and flower;
The rising, and the setting sun—
Proclaim His love and power.

Yet man was so unapt to learn—
God's fatherhood and care—
That he foreshadowed dark abodes
Where no ray of hope was there.

Didst thou Dear Lord to prisons go—
To preach to Spirits there,
To rebellious ones in Noah's time—
To lighten their despair?

Then Lord again we pray descend
To spirits still in prison
And lift them from their dark abodes
To the glory of thy heaven.

There could not be a heaven for me,
And know that one, who fell
Through Adam's great and mortal sin—
Were writhing in a hell.

O Lord! we know how full, how free
The purchase that was given,
'Twas adequate in all its parts,
To bring each soul to heaven.

It triumphed over death, and hell,
Held victory o'er the grave;
Thank God! our risen Christ hath power—
Each soul of man to save.

And death, and hell are swallowed up,
The victory is complete;
Angels and men alike shall fall—
In honor at his feet.

What though I through death's valley walk!
These cheering words I hear,
"Thy rod, thy staff, they comfort me,"
And dissipate my fear.

Since thou art love, O God we know
No ill can come from Thee;
We'll trust our keeping in thy hands,
Through all eternity.

Love, O Imperial Love Divine!
What name becometh Thee,
Since Thou art Goodness, Light, and Love,
And fillest immensity?

We'll call Thee then, Our Father, God,
Supreme in power, and love,
Primeval cause of all that was,
Beneath, around, above.

MEMORIAL TO COUSIN ANNA.

H the glorious joy
On thy vision awakening,
As the portals of bliss
To thy soul doth unfold;

And new beauties eternal,
With bliss that's supernal,
Surrounds thee for aye—
In the home of thy soul.

AT MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

[Apulia, N. Y., Sept. 22, 1886.]

LIFE'S heart aches, life's cares,
Life's harrowing pains
All are now left—
For an infinite gain.
No measure of sorrow
Can reach where I go.
There tears of deep anguish
Will never more flow.

No losses to meet me,
No crosses to bear,
For my Saviour is King
In my mansion, o'er there;
All my griefs, and my burthens
Are whelmed in the cross,
Earth's costliest treasures—
Are the shadow of dross.

POOR MABEL GRAY.

POOR Mabel Gray was out one day,
The children passing by,
They paused to say: Poor Mabel Gray,
Why do you sob and cry?

O Mabel Gray! poor Mabel Gray
Sang out this sad refrain—
My father now's across the way
See! through the window pane,

He holds the glass within his hand!
He raises it mid air;
A spectre form that glass commands,
And father falters there.

Look! at the bar again he stands,
That form still hovers nigh
'Tis mother! now she clasps his hand,
I see her love lit eye!

I see her fleecy robes of white,
Her arms around him twine,
The glass now falls from out his hand,
He dashes down the wine.

Ah yes! he put away the bowl,
For sure he heard her say—
"Oh do not thus destroy your soul,
Our Mabel's 'crost the way."

EULOGY ON FLOWERS.

WHAT offering more delicate
And expressive of the soul's emotion than flowers,
Dispensing their sweet perfume,
Like the visits of angels,
Unsolicited and without the expectation of reward?

What else approaches so near the divine element,
Diffusing on those who come within its radius—
The sweetness of its grace,
And giving to saint and sinner alike a hallowed charm,
Which soothes, elevates and ennobles the human soul,
Lifting it above the sordid things of earth,
And giving to it—
A foretaste of heaven's elysian bowers,
Where flowers fade not,
And where released souls—
Bask in the richness of their exotic perfume?

WOMAN'S WORK.

HEN rocked the earth midst deep'ning gloom,
And darkness veiled the sacred tomb,
Obscuring earth and sky,
Then woman, like an angel, went
As if by heavenly influence sent
Her Lord to glorify.

Thus woman's work has always been
Where'er there's woe, or want, or sin,
To comfort and to save;
The last to linger round the bier,
And oft returns to sprinkle tears
Upon the lonely grave.

Her husband's heart she'll fortify,
And shape the mold in which the die
Of childhood's life is cast.
She weaves round home a magic charm,
And by her thrift and smile disarms
The power of adverse blasts.

Her work is not, as man's, intent
Old forms and laws to circumvent,
And set the world aright.
She reigns at home a regal queen ;
Her law of love is all supreme,—
And this is woman's might.

The home is where the battle's strife
For or against the Nation's life
Is fought with silent tread.
Then let your holy mission be
To set your sons and daughters free
From rum's influence dread.

This work belongs to woman's hand,
No other power can stay or stand
Against its mighty wave.
Then, sisters, rally and be true!
Your sons and daughters look to you
Their heritage to save.

Not with a frown, and chilling look,
Nor man, nor angel e'er will brook
Censorious scathing plan.
But with love's mighty power to win,
You may redeem the home from sin,
And save poor erring man.

A kindly look, a cheering word
Nor yet was seen, nor yet was heard.
But had a power divine.
The laws may all be set aright,
By woman's will, and woman's might,
If love doth these combine.

OUR RESURRECTED DEAD.

THE apple bloom for aye, and ay,
Shall scent the spring time air;
And tree, and shrub shall clothe themselves—
In foliage most fair.

The resurrection morn shall dawn
Full oft the years to come;
When twittering birds on bending bough—
Sing forth the welcome home.

And honey bee, loosed from its hold
In winter's stern embrace,
Shall meet the resurrection morn
On fragile wing of grace.

The butterfly, from out its tomb,
Shall rise on gilded wing,—
To cut the sweetly scented air,
Perfumed with flowers of spring.

Shall then there be for man no spring
Of resurrection morn?
When shaking off the dew of death
Shall rise again new-born?

Shall rise to higher life, and state,
To vaster realms by far;
Where all life's possibilities
Shall be for him to share?

Oh tell me not the grave's embrace,
Shall hold my cherished dead;
Since butterfly on gilded wing
From its embrace has fled.

Is man, to God of lesser care
Than butterfly on wing,
That he be left in death's embrace—
With no reviving spring?

Shall apple tree put forth its bloom,
And spring time scent the air;
And man be left in death's embrace
No spring time for him there?

Dear Son of God! thou who has cleft
The darkness of the tomb;
Wilt bring to life my dead again,
In everlasting bloom.

Yea! even now death hath unloosed,
Its hold upon their frame:
And man triumphant from the grave—
Comes back to life again.

Comes to us in our hour of need,
When anguish keen of blade—
Hath sent its hilt into our souls,
Prostrate our hopes have laid.

Up lifts the raven wing of woe,
Gives joy, where hope had fled—
The mission of our loved and lost.
Our resurrected dead.

GOD IN NATURE.

THE heavens, Thy glory, Lord, declare;
The earth, Thy works proclaim:"
All nature's ruled by Thy command,
And glorifies Thy name.

Eternal harmony is Thine
In heaven, and earth, and sea;
Thy home's throughout the realms of space,
Thy days,—Eternity.

Thou fadest not by length of years,
Nor yet by age groweth old;
All time with Thee is as 'twere not,
In Thee all things infold.

Or ever worlds began, Thou wert,
Or fade — Thou still shalt be;
Eternal youth is thine abode,—
Thou fill'st immensity.

Thy holy temple's far beyond
The range of mortal thought;
From out thy Sanctuary, Lord,
Thou hast creation brought.

There in that fathomless abyss
Thou walkest, Lord, alone;
And wheresoe'er creation is,
Thou hast set up thy throne.

And in the finite realm of space,
Each grade ascending higher,
Thou hast evolved the human race,
Of which Thou art the Sire.

Man's heart to Thine so well attuned,
A living, thinking lyre,
Thou can'st within his being reign;
Thou dost his soul inspire.

Upon his brain Thou did'st reflect
The impress of thy thought;
And thus within man's conscious soul
Thou hast Thyself inwrought.

'Twas thus through organism came
The Seraphs in their line;
May be it were of finer mold
That stamped them more divine.

What though the mold were coarse or fine,
It changeth not thy plan;
Eternal life thou hast inwrought
Through intellectual man.

So perfect is his heart attuned
To that of thine own lyre,
Thou hast in him an essence found;
Of earth—'tis something higher.

And touched by thy magnetic will,
Responsive to thy thought,
Blending within his finer parts,
Thou hast thyself inwrought.

How wondrous is thy mighty love
In all thy works displayed!
In tempest,—in the tiny flower,
Thy glory is arrayed.

Oh! how shall man attempt to scan
The wisdom of thy will?
Whate'er of good there is—Thou art—
May be what seemeth ill.

Unknown, unseen, yet all around,
In every thing, Thou art,
Throughout all time, throughout all space,
Thou art the greater part.

The pearly dew-drop is thy tear,
Thou dost descend in rain ;
And yet to find thy dwelling place,
Has long been man's refrain.

Thou look'st to us through every star,
Thy voice is in the rill,
It speaks to us in softest tones,
And thunders, with it thrill.

We see thy majesty and power
In worlds revolving round ;
In everything by beauty shaped
Thy loveliness is found.

AMERICAN SLAVES.

AMERICAN slaves!
How many are we
Living on hill tops
And down in the lea;
Living in valleys,
On Ocean and Sea?
Ten hundred-thousand
Poor bond-men are we.

We suffer the blight,
We suffer the shame,
We feel the anguish
Of a maddened brain.
Yes, we suffer the taunt,
And we feel the jeer
Of the idle scoff
And the smirking leer.

And we bear it all,
This burden of woes,
For a curse that sparkles
And a curse that glows,
For a curse concealed
In the flowing bowl,
Wrecking our bodies
And blighting our souls.

American slaves,
The victims of rum!
There lurks in the wine cup
The adder that stung
Your souls with remorse,
And caused you to roam
As wandering outcasts
From friends and from home.

Turn from its meshes,
Its arts, and its wiles;
Turn from its lurements,
Its blandishing smiles;
Turn from its passion
All reeking with sin;
Turn from the wine-cup!
A serpent's therein.

IN MEMORY OF H. C. K.

H ! THE sad, sad hours of anguish,
Which rent a brother's heart with woe ;
Oh ! the galling throes of sadness,
Which did his noble soul o'erflow.

Crowded round his earthly vision,
Clouds of deadly, darkest hue,
Blotting out each ray of sun-light,
From his spirit vision's view.

Hope had fled from out its mansion,
Chased away by trembling fear ;
Angels well might weep with pity
O'er his sad, untimely bier.

When the poor came to his notice,
For their wants he freely gave;
When he needed consolation,
Who was there to help or save?

Happy they, who 'scape the burdens
Which his wearied soul had known;
Happy they, around whose pathway
Flowers with fewer thorns are strewn.

Judge him not, O erring mortals;
Heaven alone his jury be;
God discerns the secret impulse;
Men the outward actions see.

WOMAN'S APPEAL.

COME to the front ! oh, rally, men, rally !
And by the ballots you each one shall cast
Drive from our midst the fearful rum monster,
Nor wait till another election has passed.

Rally ! ye men who boast of proud honor.
Rally ! ye men who have sisters and wives,
Drive from th' nation this horrible monster
Ere he shall destroy sixty thousand more lives.

Rally ! ye fathers, men of the nation,
Hear ye the call of the wounded and slain.
Come to the front and rescue our brothers
Bound down in the coils of alcohol's chain.

Come to the front ! ye men who wear helmets,
On which are engraved love, mercy and truth ;
Come ! preach down this most cursed of traffics,
Which stings like an adder our beautiful youth.

Come to the front ! ye noble, true-hearted,
All ye who have borne the sorrow and grief,
Ye whose loved ones have been stung by th' adder,
Come, and demand through the ballot relief !

Waste not your time in idle persuasion,
Nor sit in a grief that's born of despair ;
Rise up in your might, demand of th' nation
Your rights which alone your wrongs can repair.

Your prayers ! your ballots ! cast them together
Into the scale of Justice and Right ;
They shall o'erbalance the mightiest army
Which right against wrong is called on to fight.

UPPER COLUMBIA RIVER.

Dedicated to Mrs. Capt. Hopkins, daughter of the late Col. Baker.

NATURE invincible, how gloriously grand!
What wondrous formation of rock, river and strand.
How marvelous thy teachings; what lessons untold
Of the ages long past thy formations unfold.
What wonderful blending of murky and blue,
Thy waters, Columbia, with the †Snake passing thro'
We gaze in our wonder as thy beauties unfold
With their shadings of green interlaced with the gold.
Nor wonder that Nature's wild sons of this clime
Should see in thy presence an image divine,
And hear in thy murmur of waters and air
The voices of angels seraphic and fair.

†Snake River.

O dear land of the North, O wonderful land,
With out-stretching rivers midst gold-glinted sand,
With mountains rugged, prolific, and grand,
Surpassing in beauty, our homage demands.

O beautiful rivers, Columbia and Snake,
Near the town of Wallula thy beauties awake;
On the left, there's the *Giant* with its profile in rock
Standing guard to the passage its beauties unlock.
On the right are the *Sisters* with columns now broke,
Opposite, Crown Point is most clearly bespoke,
"Rock-ribbed," the mountains stand back to make room
For the newly wedded*-for Columbia's proud groom.
The trinity of rivers here embrace in their glee,
Trip down to the Cascades, dance on to the sea.
Farther up, on the river, where Tou Cannon has fame,
There Captain Hopkins assumed Point Annetta to name.

*Walla Walla River.

The river's a marvel from its source to the sea,
With towns interdotting through mountains and lea,
Now, cities of grandeur with beauty of mien
Surrounded by mountains and forests of green;
Then, hills that are barren, rock-crested, and sear,
Where circles the eagle unmolested by fear.

And the prairies stretch out with high, rolling land,
Interspersed with many a swift-flowing strand.
Farther back from the river, fields waving with grain,
Deck richly the hillsides, the valleys, and plain.
Farewell! beautiful scenery, we pass from thy view.
Farewell! Harvest Queen, Captain Troup, and the
crew.

OUR COUNTRY.

IN THE primeval morning time,
There Nature's quiet breast
Lay, in its virgin solitude,
Unbroken in its rest.

And no response from woodman's ax
Was heard in wood or glade;
The soil, unbroken by the plow,
Or by the gardener's spade.

The hills had slept in quiet mood,
The glade and plains among,
No clash of warrior's arms had there
Amidst their silence rung.

The birds, in sweetest, softest notes,
Their melody prolonged;
The eagle from his dizzy height
Shrieked out his clarion song.

The restive bear fawned with her cubs,
In playful, sportive glee;
The sighing water's peaceful breast
Rolled silvery to the sea.

The Indian roamed in stealthy quest
For game and antlered deer,
While not a thought e'er stirred his breast
That savored of a fear.

The prairies with sweet incense fanned
The early morning air;
The daintiest gifts that Nature planned
Sent up their voiceless prayer.

Where roamed the Indian for his game
Through glade, and forest wild,
There now is heard the song of mirth
From many a happy child.

Beneath our country's pillared fame,
A serpent's deadly coil
Lay silent in our Roll of State,
A monster to despoil.

Its circling, grasping, hideous form
Had been the people's pet,
'Twas handled with the softest touch
A nation's fears beget.

But on that pyre our sacrifice,
Undaunted, undismayed,
By North and South, in precious lives,
As offering was laid.

Convulsions shook like Sinai
Our Country and its pride,
Ere Justice gave the final stroke
From which the monster died.

Our Soldiers' Decoration Day!
We spread a floral pall
On graves of North, and South alike—
Our Country lost them all.

Here let us bridge the chasm o'er
Of fratricidal strife,
And stronger bind the welded link *
Which guards our Nation's life.

Now, Freedom reigns o'er all the plains
Throughout this vast domain;
The forge has turned to pruning-hooks
What once were galling chains.

* Liberty and Equity.

Our flag now waves in ampler folds
On every land and sea;
'Midst shot and shell has reigned supreme,
Ensign of Liberty.

O, eagle! rise on loftiest wing,
Ring forth the tuneful lyre,
Till Freedom's glorious harmonies
Each Nation shall inspire,

Till Liberty, as free as thought,
In equity shall reign,
And Truth and Science build a forge
To weld the golden chain.*

*Liberty and Equity.

NATURE'S OFFERING.

HERE the leaves shall talk together
And the answering waters sigh;
Where all nature joins the choral,
Tiny insect, buzzing fly,—

There the flowers ope their petals
Looking upward to the sky,
In their face of wondrous beauty
Offer incense well as I.

And the lowing of the cattle
Answering to the call amain,
And of th' heifer by the brooklet,
As she joins in the refrain,

With her neck stretched out and upward,
With her meek and wistful eye,
Worships God in every impulse
Well as you, O Saint, or I.

Nature all joins in the anthem,
Sings a song least understood;
There's no offering half so ample
As the wild, primeval wood.

Sings she in her leafy branches,
Sings she in her clustering vines,
Offers worship in the zephyrs
Whispering through majestic pines.

There the silver-luted songsters
Sing their vestal hymns of praise,
And their worship is as grateful
As the Psalmist's sweetest lays.

And the poor, unlettered Red-men,
Wandering in ancestral wood,
Have communings with the Father,
With the Spirit of all Good.

In the innocence of childhood,
In the unheard breath of prayer,
In the silent tear of sorrow,
Dwells the Lord God even there.

LITTLE LOST BOY.

A LITTLE child wandered away from his home,
His bed was the way-side, his pillow a stone;
And he dreamed, as he slept on that way-side bed,
That a little black raven had fed him with bread.

He dreamed that an angel stood near where he lay,
And the darkness of night fled quickly away;
His bed became roses, the pillow a ray
Of brightest soft sunshine where his little head lay.

A tear drop was glist'ning in the little boy's eye,
The angel smiled on him, the tear became dry,
And he saw his dear mother bend close o'er his bed,
Yet the little boy knew that his mother was dead.

His garments were tattered, his little feet bare,
And matted the locks of his long golden hair;
But he dreamed that he shone with a radiance bright,
And his garments grew dazzling, and wondrously white.

And his mother then touched him with a golden-like wand,
And lifted her little lost son by the hand;
And the mother and child then wended their way—
Over houses, and hill-tops, the earth sped away.

And higher, still higher they rose on the air,
Heard voices seraphic, melodious and fair;
And a wonderful light shone out from the throne,
And the little boy knew he was then nearing home.

Home! home! the angel and mother have taken him home,
No more mid sorrows, or cross-roads to roam,

No more by the way-side to lie down and die,
The little boy home, with his mother on high.

MOTTO.

Despise not the humble, the lowly, the poor,
For he who does well is the only well-doer.

IS THERE NO GOD?

AS well talk of a city's having been built without artisans
As the heavens assuming their grand proportions,
Without a Master Mechanic;
Or the distillation of sweet perfumes
Without the chemist's fixtures;
And yet the earth is made odorous
From mountain top to meadow lands
And forest glades,
By the distillation of inimitable fragrance,
Dispensed from a laboratory as enduring as it is unseen.

SOCIAL GLASS.

EVERY social glass taken is but one of the many steps
In the stair-way descending to the pit;
And they lead on slowly but surely
To charnel houses of woe,
Whence none but an omnipotent arm
May wrest therefrom.

Then away with the bowl,
Tis death to the soul;
Away with King Bacchus forever.
We'll drink no more wine,
'Tis bad in our time,

'Twas bad in the days of old Noah :
So our drink shall be
The water that's free,
That courses through mountain and river ;
It runs in the rills,
From the tall steepled hills,
To the bosom of ocean forever ;
Thence rising on high,
Forms clouds in the sky,
And in rain-drops revisits the earth ;
So pure drink shall be—
Distilled from the sea,
And not from the worm of the still ;
For that will give pain,
'Twill madden the brain,
And ruin whoever doth touch it.
"'Twill bite like a serpent,
Like an adder will sting ;"

'Twill ruin the home, and sorrow will bring
To all who indulge in its use.

Then give us the drink Jehovah hath made,
As it ripples, and dances through forest and glade;
As it sports through the valley, and winds to the sea,
Refreshing the landscape, the mountain and lea.

QUERY.

IN my words, or my deeds
Shall I live when I'm dead?
Will the world be the better
For something I've said,
Some good to humanity given?

If 'tis nay, better die
As the beasts live and die,
Or as worms that crawl on the ground
A breath of existence
Like a fleck on the sky.

The world not bettered!
For what was to die,
But the shell—
Which turns back to the ground.

PAP-PA COME HOME AGAIN.

THE winter snows were falling fast,
The winds were blowing high
And dark and dismal were the clouds—
That overcast the sky.

In yonder place with windows screened
The revelry ran wild;
Nor heeded they within that house
The need of wife or child.

But over there 'crost moor and hill
The little ones await—
The coming of their pap-pa home,
The hour is growing late.

There at the window, see them stand,
Their faces press the glass;
They're looking out into the storm—
Lest their pap-pa should pass.

"What think you keeps our pa so late"
These prattling infants say;
Oh, will he never more come home
I know 'tis almost day.

"We scarcely dare one word to speak,
Poor mamma is so ill;
We know that he is over there—
Within that whiskey-mill."

"Poor mamma tosses restlessly
Upon her fevered bed,
And utters now and then a moan
She fears pap-pa is dead."

"For sure he once was good and kind,
He would not stay away
And leave her with us little ones
From dark till dawn of day."

"But since he went to yonder mill,
A whiskey shop they say,
He does not read his bible now,
Nor does he stop to pray."

"He does not kiss poor mamma now
As once he used to do;
But turns from her so cold away
And from us children too."

"O pap-pa dear, do please come home,
We miss you more and more,
What heavy sound is that I hear!
'Tis pap-pa at the door."

"Poor mamma crawls from out her bed,
She now unlocks the door;
And pap-pa stumbles in the house,
Falls drunk upon the floor."

"O mamma! mamma please don't cry
We're glad pap-pa's come home,
We'll help you press a-shut the door,
We're glad he's not alone."

"Out in the cold, and blinding storm,
The night's so very wild;
But pap-pa! pap-pa will not speak
To neither wife nor child."

"O pap-pa! can't you wake up now?
You seem so dreadful cold:
We'll pull the blankets from the bed
And round you them will fold."

Ah me! the blankets cannot warm
His cold, and lifeless frame;
Poor pap-pa never more will speak—
To ma or us again.

MORAL.

O men, why not be good, and true,
And vote just as you pray?
You license gin, and whiskey mills
But pray the other way.

No whiskey mills can ever help
God's kingdom to come in;
Nor license high, nor license low,
Can mitigate the sin.

MAXIM.

Angels are our unseen—
Daily companions.

SONG OF WARNING.

HERE'S a day in the future; O sinner 'tis nigh,
When the King in his glory shall come from on high;
The Just at the sound of the trump shall arise
And with Christ their Saviour mount up to the skies.

What brightness is rifting the dark leaden sky?
What glory! what glory descends from on high;
What rapturous music I hear from the saints,
No sighing, no sorrow, nor word of complaint.

But O me! ah me how sad is the fate,
Of those who shall cry 'tis too late? 'tis too late;
Their robes all unwashed, with sins they are full,
Jesus would cleanse them, yea whiter than wool.

His offers rejected, they turned him away!
Though Jesus was calling them day unto day;
The blood from his side was flowing so free,
And I knew that those wounds were opened for thee.

But still they persisted in sin's downward path
Until they fell under the ban of his wrath;
And when they would fly from the sins that they hate
I hear but one cry, "'tis too late, Oh too late."

Then turn sinners, turn, why will ye delay,
Come plunge in the fountain that's opened to-day;
Then when Jesus shall cause the dead to awake
Ye may not cry out, 'tis too late! Oh too late.

Blest Saviour! Dear Saviour, they're coming to thee,
Their sins which are many, nailed Thee on the tree;
But yet thou'rt forgiving, and freely doth say—
Thy sins though like scarlet I now wash away.

Oh glory! Oh glory what rapture abounds
Through the chancels of heaven the echo resounds
That mercy, and pardon O sinner is free,
And Jesus our Saviour stands pleading for thee.

CHORUS.

Then come! Sinners come, oh do not delay,
For Jesus just now is passing this way;
The hem of His garment come touch if you will
And Jesus will bid all your sorrow "be still."

MAXIM.

Death is a pearly bridge
To a beautiful city.

THE PRODIGAL'S SONG.

HEART worn and weary, head aching with pain,
Tired of pleasures that bring me no gain;
Weary, so weary! Oh where is the way—
Back to the old fireside where father doth pray?

I've wandered through brambles, and trodden on thorns,
I've sought for gay pleasures amid the wild throngs;
Weary, so weary! Oh can I return—
Where th' heart fire of love on th' home altar doth burn?

Oh is there no fountain of life giving health,
Where the soul may regain its lost storehouse of wealth?
No deep crystal fountain, no health-giving pool
Where the soul may be washed yea whiter than wool?

CHORUS.

Hark! list to the music, a bright angel choir
With songs most seraphic, and tongues like of fire;
Are chanting me home away from my sin,
Where Jesus is bringing poor prodigals in.

ONE OF GOD'S DAYS.

ONE of God's own days:
And are not all days?
Yes, but then some days seem unusually so—
So full of opportunities for doing good,
For rendering others happy,
And for sending gladness
Down into the store-house of our own souls.
On one of those special days
I had visited the cliff,
Where the sea foams' restless wave,—
Ever beats hard or soft—

Against the gray and sanded breast—
Of ocean's pulseless shore.
Talking may be in melancholy dirge,
Of the wealth treasured up in her cavernous depths,
Or swelling a sigh for some lone mariner—
Who had gone down uncoffined to her fathomless abyss.
Or perhaps, in playful glee, telling of gentle fairies,
Who among sea shells play at "hide and seek"
Amid the tangled tresses of the deep;
Or where mermaids dwell as free as air,
And with fresh corals twine their streaming hair.
Leaving the fascinating beauty of ocean's changeful wave,
And returning back to the busy mart of San Francisco
With a bouquet of flowers in my hand, a real fairy,
Not one from ocean's sea shell depths,
But one who might have been a Queen or Empress,
So beautiful was she. O! such eyes!

I shall never forget them;
And such marvelous beauty of face, accosted me—
As I was threading my way through the busy streets,
With, "Please be so kind as to give me a flower?"
Startled from my reverie, like one waking from sleep,
For I was in a dreaming, half-abstracted mood,
Scarce understanding what was meant,
I said, "What did you say?"
And Oh! those eyes again lifted up their wondrous beauty,
And with an angel's silvery tongue,
Again repeated the words
Which had roused me from my reverie.
Looking down through those deep hazel eyes
Into her charming soul, for so I seemed to do,
I stammered out, for I scarcely knew what I uttered,
"Yes, you little, human darling;"
And I ought to have said "Divine Darling,"
For such she was.
Up looked again those enchanting eyes.

"Which one?"
"Any one you like."
"This one?"
"Yes; pull it out."
And the daintiest little fingers tugged away
Until the chosen flower was liberated from its companions.
And with it there went down into that fairy's heart a sunbeam;
And when some cloud of sorrow may,
Perchance, sprinkle its tear-drops upon her bosom,
That sunbeam,
Will reflect back its rainbow tints upon her soul.
And the joy expressed in that fairy's face,
Sent a stream of gladness down into my own heart—
(Warming to its very depths the quick
Responsive impulses of my own nature;
And I well understood the meaning of the words
Of that great Philosopher,
"Of such little children) is the kingdom of Heaven."

A TRUE STORY—GEORGE AND HIS BOTTLE.

A LITTLE boy once to his bottle was wed!
He nursed it by day, and took it to bed;
He would romp, and would play,
And his mother would say—
"Now my dear little boy, put the bottle away."

But this was a task the boy could not stand,
So he tugged it about in his little chub hand;
And he worried, and cried whenever she tried—
To put the bottle away from his side.

On one occasion he was going to town,—(Pittsburg).
And the bottle for sure he now must lay down;
And he missed it so much, I cannot tell why,
But he was too proud to set up a cry.

Then he conned it all over, and thought he would
save—
Himself, from being a little boy slave.
So alone by himself "put the bottle away"
Down in the closet in secret to stay.
And then to his mother this little boy hied
To tell her with gladness, and evident pride
How he himself "put the bottle away,"
Never again the little wee baby to play.
Like a winsome and wise little elf—
He archly would say, "I've quit the bottle myself."

He found it was hard this resolve now to keep:
For he needed the bottle on going to sleep;
So he tossed, and he tumbled, and rolled on his bed
Till the clock had struck ten;
Then to his pap-pa the little boy cried—
How does a man feel just before he has died?

Answering the child, the father then said,
"I do not know! some men feel one way, and some
feel another
Just before they are dead."

"Well, does he feel dear father, 'tis his very last
breath
Is that how it is just before a man's death?"
So wearied, and tired he pillowed his head
And slept till the morning, his hour to awake
The time when his bottle would usually take.
"Mamma!" "what do you wish my child?"
"Nothing at all," as faintly he smiled
He turned himself over again went to sleep
While the closet in safety his bottle did keep.

His was a struggle, where many have failed,
Where manhood in strength has faltered and quailed;

Are ye ready ye men stronger of frame—
To acknowledge ye cannot your manhood regain?
To confess ye cannot from drink turn away,
From the cup of dragons which surely will slay?

Have ye less of manhood than the boy of but four,
That ye shall cry to the drink demon give us still more
To give up the cup, is even like death
Is it like taking your very last breath?
Then fight the grim monster, ne'er be a slave
Go like a freeman down to your grave;
Put the bottle away, and quit it yourself,
Be as much of a man, as the four year old elf,

MAXIM.

Those we call dead, died not,
But rose to higher life.

DESTINY.

DESTINY is a spreading out on the canvas of Time
The revealed conceptions of God's purposes,
Which have been inlaid in the magnetic cable of eternal thought,
To be separated into knots and skeins,
As warp and woof on the reel of eternity,
And from thence to be woven, by the mystic shuttles of irresistible will,

In the loom of incomparable Majesty,
Into faultless fabrics, with which to clothe
The perfection of illimitable works:
The tapestry of mortal life,
The adornments of earth and sky,

The glory of angels, the bliss of saints,
Are but the inimitable patterns
Of the Almighty design,
Transferred to the objects for which they were designed.

The developments of each day, both in time and eternity,
Are but the results of the unfoldments
Of the Almighty's purpose,
Liberated from the girdle which encompasses Divine will.
Who shall stay the Lord's intent,
Or who subvert His mighty plan?

The various manifestations presented for human observation,
Are as natural a sequence as the cycle of changing seasons!
Time is the mighty power which unrolls the coil
Wherein is deposited the secret intents of the Lord,
The people which are yet to walk this earth;
The statesmen which are to manipulate the affairs of nations yet unborn;

The orators, poets, and scholars
Who are to electrify human intelligence in the centuries
Which lie folded back in the swaddling-clothes of God's
intent,
Live in the chemical processes of the Almighty,
As veritably as do they whose quickened pulse
Speed them on to the unknown.
The revolutions of day and night,
The changing seasons, the fall of rain,
Summer's heat and winter's snow,
Spring-time and harvest,
The rushing into life of animate nature,
And the created beauties of a vast creation,
Are but the letting out of the illimitable sail
Which is reefed in the mechanical skill of Omnipotence.
Creation has not been the subject of chance,
Neither was disorder brought out of chaos.
Everything has developed in harmony,
Showing a fitness of each for the adaptability
Of that which should come after.

The creations of to-day are the foundations
Upon which the morrow builds its edifice;
So in the untold decade of centuries,
Each has builded its pyramid of colossal progress
Upon the dome of its predecessor,
Each reaching nearer and still nearer
The perfection of its antitype.

By what strange power to us is given,
The life, for which we have not striven,
Yet held responsible?
Developed from unconscious state,
Brought into life a being great—
Commensurate with God.

This power which first our life controlled,
Is the great Author of our soul;
And is our first prime cause:
And shall He have of us less care,
Since we His conscious creatures are,
And He our Father God?

The world He holds at His command,
Sun, moon and stars rest in His hand,
And man His greatest care;
Submissive to this God is man,
And only second, in the plan
Of all His wondrous works.

Brought into life for noble cause,
A part and parcel of God's laws,
Which cannot be destroyed;
With His existence ours shall run,
Though wane the earth and fade the sun,
Triumphant still is man.

What matter where in space he dwell,
Jupiter, Venus, Mars, or hell,
Since God reigns everywhere?
He fills immensity of space,
Where He is not, there is no place,
And where He is, there's Heaven.

MYSTIC STATION.

THERE'S a station ahead!
I know not the place,
An angel there waiteth
My form to embrace.

His breath it is chill,
His hand it is cold;
This angel hath conquered
The nations of old.

No man may resist him,
And none say him nay;
His mandates imperious,
Which all must obey.

Men falter before him,
  The stout-hearted quail;
No words of entreaty
  With him may avail.

He spares not the aged,
  Nor pities the youth;
This Angel obeyeth
  The spirit of Truth.

RUM-SELLER.

NOT rum alone shall bear the curse
Which thy traffic doth to man disburse;
Thou hast scattered tares, and death hath sown
In the souls of those God called His own.

That fair, young boy, a mother's pride,
By your direful trade a drunkard died;
And that household draped in awful woe
Is a curse which from your rum-shops flow.

That father, by the road-side drunk,
That brother, in debauchery sunk,
That pale young wife with tearful face,
Bowed with the shame of man's disgrace,

That mother's agonizing heart,
Her trembling fear, her sudden start
As she hears her boy's leaden step,
When vigils late at night she kept;

When his reeling form came stagg'ring in,
Debauched with rum and steeped in sin,—
All these, rum-seller, will be arrayed
To curse the awful traffic of your trade.

Nor shall excuses serve you when
God in His justice visits men;
For then, rum-seller, thou shalt stand
Wearing on thy brow the felon's brand.

What will avail thy hoarded gold
Gained by the rum which thou hast sold,
When conscience, furnace fierce, shall burn
Where'er thy restless steps shall turn!

When th' grave gives up her sleeping dead,
And drunkards rise from ashen beds,
Oh! then, rum-seller, thou shalt feel
A grief not heaven nor hell can heal.

What then shall be thy deep remorse,
When thou shalt see full many a corpse
Rise up again, and come in flame
To charge on thee his fall and shame.

That little babe on famished breast,
That mother, robbed of peace and rest,
That father's bowed and trembling form,
That sister's plea which thou didst scorn,

That drunkard's agonizing woe,
His mind bereft of reason's glow,—
These, too, shall come in burning flame
To witness thy remorse and shame.

What of the homes in ruin laid,
And of the orphans thou hast made!
What of the prisons and the jails
Crowded with those thou hast assailed,

And of the festering crowd that leer,
And stagger downward, year by year,
To fill full sixty thousand graves,—
The garnered crop of whisky slaves!

O righteous Judge! is mercy found
For men who have their neighbors bound,
And shackled them with galling chains,
Enslaving reason, soul, and brain?

Woe to the men, whose mingled drink
Shall drive their neighbors o'er the brink
Where hope is lost, and fell despair
Sits crouching in that dreadful lair!

RUM AND ITS VICTIMS.

SEE staggering hosts of drunkards!
Their homes of squalor and woe,
Their wives sad creatures of sorrow,
Whose anguish God only can know.

Their children avoided by others,
Sad subjects of scorn or of fun,
Their father's a jest for the buffoon,
Miserable victims of rum.

The reeling form of the drunkard—
His mind, 'tis beclouded with rum;
His reason lost in the wine cup;
Hopes of both soul and body undone.

See the appalling procession!
Their agony, woe, and their tears.
See th' blighted hopes of their victims,
The misery crowning their years.

The cupboard guiltless of comfort,
The walls that are bare and th' floor,
The grief that looks out from th' window,
The wolf that stands gaunt at th' door.

The wife, sad creature of sorrow,
With her children hungry for bread;
The pallet of straw in the corner,
Their only excuse for a bed.

Oh! could I but paint these for you
With the nights of watching and pain,
When th' wife in her anguish sought you
In the cold, in the sleet, and the rain.

Shiv'ring with chill at the corner
While anxiously waiting for you,
Her garments clung to her figure
Bespangled with fresh-fallen dew.

See the complete desolation,
The ruin which round them befell ;
No promise of cheer for the drunkard ;
In his life the torments of hell.

Manacles forged for his body,
And manacles forged for his soul,
Manacles forged for his freedom
Debar him from life's fairest goal.

Think of this then, O my brother—
Think of this, humanity's friend—
Think of the sorrow and anguish
Your ballot to households may send.

Think of the wild storm of sorrow
Of th' victim whom rum hath beguiled!
Think of the grief of his mother,
Oh, think of the grief of his child!

See them in the night's sad watches
As they wait for the late one's return;
See them as they watch at the wicket
For their husband, brother, or son.

The fire burns low on the hearth-stone,
And the oil burns low in the lamp;
Still at the wicket they're watching,
Till their garments hang limp with th' damp.

The light is burning o'er yonder;
One by one the customers go:
Some are pale with a drunken pallor,
Some are flushed with a ruby glow.

Hark! there's the sound of a foot-fall,
The unsteady step as it comes;
'Tis a raving, stagg'ring maniac —
This! this is the victim of rum.

Tell me, O Christ, my Redeemer,
Thou more than brother or friend,
Is there no hope for the drunkard,
No solace Thy gospel can send?

No mighty power in Thee to save
Th' rum-enslaved from a drunkard's grave?
No power to stay death's tidal flow,
Which surges in the ruby glow?

Angels drape their wings to behold
Th' barter of souls for glittering gold,
And wing their way with mournful sigh
Wherever wretched drunkards die.

A future, dark, breaks on their view
When falls death's pale and leaden hue;
Their souls are lashed before their God
With conscience's unrelenting rod.

O deep remorse, how sharp the sting
An outraged conscience memories bring!
How deep the wail, what bitter grief!
No Siloam's pool affords relief.

In deep despair they turn away
Where hope scarce yields a gilded ray.
And this their agonizing cry:
Behold, how wretched drunkards die!

And back to Heaven they send a wail
Which doth the powers of rum assail;
There, a righteous judgment's given—
That rum hath robbed these souls of Heaven.

O mad'ning rum! what hast thou done?
Murdered father, brother and son,
Deluged the world with black'ning crime,
Trailing thy form through th' ruby wine.

Oh, the rum, the accursed rum!
The sun turns pale at th' work you've done,
And night's stars blush with crimson hue,
While th' heavens shed tears in glist'ning dew.

DIVINEST PLAN.

H, I despise the man of shame
Who toys with woman's priceless name,
And hurls her down the wild abyss,
Like Christ betrayed with Judas' kiss.

I pity her with fallen name,
Who, trusting, brought herself to shame,
Descending down to low estate,—
Crowned jewel, now so desolate.

I marvel not the only note
That's handed down which Jesus wrote
Was like a God—free to forgive:
"Sin now no more: go thou and live."

Then let us emulate the King,
Nor haste the accusation bring;
Forgive the woman, as the man,
Since this is Heaven's divinest plan.

TO A RECKLESS YOUNG MAN ON THE DEATH OF HIS MOTHER.

YOUNG man! thou mayest remember
Thy mother's love was strong and tender;
Not sorrow's cloud, nor death's cold wave,
Nor narrow confines of the grave,
Can chill her love for thee.

She'll hear thy prayer and deep-drawn sigh,
See gathering tear-drops in thine eye;
And when temptations shroud thy way,
Thy mother then will watch and pray—
Will watch and pray for thee.

Ah, then she'll fly from courts above,
Drawn by the mighty power of love;
To save her son in some dread hour,
When temptations fierce assert their power,
She then will near thee be.

Thou can'st not now escape her view,
Her spirit love so strong and true;
Untrammeled by this mortal sphere,
She'll follow thee though far or near—
She still will follow thee.

Remember then thy mother dear
Will follow thee though far or near;
In every haunt where thou may'st sin,
Thy mother too will come within—
Will come e'en there to save.

'TIS TRUE.

IS true indeed, time crowds us on
Amid the busy strife;
To where 'tis weal or where 'tis woe—
'Tis not our choice in life.

Our destiny's as surely fixed
As is the season's flow;
And man drifts down the tide of life,
To where no man can know.

"WINE IS A MOCKER."

N the cup of subtle pleasure a thousand furies kindle the altar of their sacrifices on the burning elements of the soul's discomfiture, and with the cunning sagacity of a vulture swoop down into the sanctuary of man's strongest citadel, stealing away the proudest emporium of his manhood, leaving but the wreck of a desolated temple on which God had put the signet of His approbation.

So inductive are its machinations, that the wisdom of the sage has been pronounced against looking upon or tasting the seductive thing.

At the marriage feast, where holiest vows are pledged, it associates itself in the convivialities of the occasion, concealing in its fruits of pleasure a terrible

holocaust that may eventually consume upon its altar all the promised hopes and brightest prospects of this new elysium.

In the halls of state it presents its fascinations, kindling the eye and firing the brain with a new enthusiasm, as eloquent and grand in its effect as it is subtle to destroy. The first cup which bedews the lip with its nectar may be the cloud whose magnitude shall assume proportions as vast as the area of one's mortal existence. Yea, it may bridge over into the hereafter, requiring the majesty of the Infinite to bid its hideousness depart into everlasting darkness, leaving to be mourned by angels the wreck of its machinations.

Fair woman, the right hand and queenly support of man, with the sublimity of her exalted and symmetrical nature, bearing the ancient royal high crown of chief workmanship of Jehovah, has been assailed in all the purity and strength of her godlike being by this insidious foe, and like withered leaves has fallen

from the places she once graced and glorified, to join the lamentable ranks of the riotous caravan which move in the wake of the still; the faces that once rejoiced at her coming blanch with fear at her approach, and the places that once knew her know her no more forever; the child, sweet plight of love, who fondled in her caress and caroled its glee upon her bosom, shudders at her name. The fond husband, who doted upon a trusting, loving wife, laments her in the desolation of her glory, in the despoliation of wife and mother.

O sisters, daughters, wives and mothers, that cup of sparkling burgundy, the exhilarating champagne, has in it a foe more deadly than the effects of the upas! It contains vials of wrath as terrible as the seven seals; from out of it shall issue scorpions that shall sting with terror the immortal spirit; it is the foe, than which there is none other so much to be dreaded, so carefully to be shunned. No pool of Siloam can cleanse its leprous spots, no healing stream

can wash its record clear, no Christ can be its propitiator : heaven has set its fiat against it, and the curse of the Infinite consigns it to outer darkness. It is a foe, the stench of whose crime reaches unto heaven ; it assails the souls whom God has created ; it is the despoiler of all that is emblematic of truth, wisdom, purity, excellence, and love. It tears man down, with its pinched fingers of death, from his high estate of sonship to God, reducing him to squalid spiritual, intellectual, and moral beggary ; transforms the proud, kingly elements of his manhood beneath the degradation of the swine, and in loathsomeness renders him more disgusting than the serpent which God consigned to crawl on its belly all the days of its life.

Of all fiends it is the arch one, that goes to-day "up and down the earth, seeking whom it may devour," and in the subtleness of its deceit assails the sanctuaries of heaven, and would wrest from the treasury of Jehovah the costliest gems created to emblazon his coronet. For its despoliation what has

it to offer ?—naught but room for another victim. The insatiable maw of its foul desires are ever crying, Give ! give ! and there comes from yonder dishonored mound a warning voice, Beware of the wine "when it giveth its color in the cup."

From the culprit trembling 'neath the halter which is to send his soul unbidden into the presence of its Creator, there to answer for a crime perpetrated under the influence of this matchless fiend ; from the vacant seats of legislative halls, where once was heard the silver rhythm of the voice of oratory that thrilled with admiration and awe the enrapt listener with its inimitable flow of musical cadences ; from the bar, the absence of the dead counselor, whose pleadings caused the stalwart fame and stoutest heart to tremble, and wet the bronzed cheek with tears from eyes long unaccustomed to weep—all these cry out in speechless eloquence, Lo. how are the mighty fallen by the bewitching allurements lying latent in the fascinations of the wine-cup ;

Who shall answer before that God who judges impartially for the debauchery of the midnight carousal? or who, in the final summing up of the trial which shall adjudge the acts of each one's life, shall be held responsible for the crimes which bereave innocent ones of their natural protectors? It may be she who is the proudest ornament of princely palaces, and the devotee of fashionable sociabilities of the most cultured and refined of modern society, whose bejeweled hand unwittingly proffers, to him who is to be the future guardian of her happiness, in the glass of sparkling champagne the incipient elements from which shall issue the fell destroyer that shall blight with a deadly blast all their prospects on the voyage of life so auspiciously begun, and bring them both down to the sorrows of an untimely and dishonored grave, leaving no memories behind them, save those the recollection of which shall cause the flushed cheek of friends to tingle with sorrow and shame.

The doting mother, who offers to her son of yet

infant years sips from out her cup of toddy, may stand before God as the condemned culprit, responsible for the blackening crimes her debauched son has perpetrated under the influence of liquor, the uncontrollable appetite having been acquired and fostered by the indulgence of a loving and unsuspecting mother. The ignorance with which the seeds of a holocaust are sown renders not the fires less destructive.

No longer is the sin of ignorance winked at, and its dreadful effects are mowing down with a remorseless swath the most promising and brilliant of our land.

The gospel of an enlightened, orthodox, temperance salvation is as vastly needed to-day in the church as its effects are wanted outside the pale of its sanctuary; and if a redeemer should be sent to this world from the high dome of heaven, methinks his beneficient mission would be to promulgate the salutary gospel of total abstinence.

So glaring have become the crimes induced by the use of alcoholic drinks, so aggressive is its warfare against the best good and morals of society, so insidious in its effects upon the intellectual, moral, spiritual, and physical being of those who indulge in its use, that an illuminated pronunciamento against it should be inscribed on the lintels of the doors and windows of the residences of all order-loving citizens.

On the chancel of churches, side by side with "Holiness to the Lord," should be inscribed in golden characters, "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."

At the entrance of every avenue of the heart, crowning each page of the affectional nature, and on each lintel of the chambers of the soul, should be suspended a flaming sword, forever to wage a holy warfare against the improper and unholy use of this, the most destructive element that now thrusts itself broadcast upon our land. The curse of strong drink

is like the forbidden fruit, of which in the day that one partakes thereof he shall surely die, save only as God by His divine interposition may in mercy wrest him from the grasp of this fatal adversary of both soul and body.

At the wicket gate, where King Alcohol gains admission to set up his demoniacal kingdom in God's earthly temple, I would station, in active force, fully armed and equipped, all the battalions of the will power, which with the aid of Almighty God are able to withstand any foe from without. The active use of each faculty of the will to resist temptation of any kind increases its objective force an hundredfold.

The effect of intemperance is to cast both soul and body into everlasting fires, such as are only fitted for the devil and his angels ; and to this declaration what man or woman who has felt its flames kindling stomach, brain, and soul with its consuming fires would not give his or her hearty attestation ?

To lull the insatiable demands which the fires of

liquor kindle, the poor, helpless victim cries, "I must have rum! give me rum!" each draught of which adds a new invoice of devils to the legion which is rending his poor, distressed physical and spiritual shipwrecked soul and body.

I once knew a lady who had been raised in the lap of luxury, but who had become a victim of the wine-cup by its use at her father's house when a child; in a fit of wild delirium she madly cried out, "Drink! drink! give me drink!" and seeing her father standing in the room, she said, "O father! this is the inheritance you have bequeathed to me."

What has King Alcohol to offer in compensation for this sacrifice of the dignity and nobility of womanhood? And what does he offer in recompense for her fall, and her worship at his shrine? What Satan offered to Christ if he would fall down and worship Him—all the kingdoms of the earth? By no means. This corked-up, bottled, and labeled modern Satan, for worship and kinship to him offers, first, de-

thronement of womanhood, alien from God; and, as a rule, robs of earthly treasure, clothes the soul with horror and dismay, and leaves his victim, in the misery of her despair, to call wildly but fruitlessly upon the rocks and mountains of forgetfulness to hide from the presence of the condemning Judge of an outraged conscience, from the maledictions of which there is no escape.

The demoniacal consuming fiend has taken up his habitation in the soul, his deadly fangs have pierced the spirit, and when his victim would escape him he thrusts him down and rends him, the power of the Omnipotent alone being able to put forth an arm all-powerful to save.

For a healthy body, costly garments, and a goodly habitation he compensates by ingrafting the system with the germs of disease, which shall only die out of the being with the dissolution of the mortal frame. Not until it shall have been resolved back to earth and have received her purifying process shall there be

exterminated from it the marks and effects of this unmitigated, unrelenting destroyer. In exchange for purple and satin, he clothes his devotee with rags, if so be he even leaves rags with which to clothe. For comfortable habitations, he turns out his bloated and disfigured subject to lie down with the swine (the companions with which his majesty, in a more ancient time, took his bath in the sea). Would to God he had not resurrected himself from the ocean's briny depths! The victim of alcohol becomes prodigal of all that is endearing in life or of good repute. The affections of wife, the love of children, the prayers of parents, the tears of idolized sisters, to him are as naught. Yea, the lessons of Calvary, its crown of thorns, the bleeding side of the Crucified, the bitter groans and sweat in the garden, the midnight prayers in Gethsemane, and the last prayer of the self-sacrificing, anointed One ("Father, forgive them; they know not what they do"), to them who tarry long at the wine, are as "pearls cast before swine."

For mechanical, medicinal, scientific, and art purposes spirituous liquors have their righteous uses, and are good gifts to men. The deadly nightshade, arsenic, and strychnine have their righteous uses to cure diseases as fatal as themselves could inflict. But pray what sensible modern belle of society would think for a moment of offering to her sweatheart a decoction of strychnine to enliven his spirits for an evening's entertainment? Or what judicious mother would venture to give to her daughter a dose of arsenic to improve her complexion and give brilliancy to the eyes? Or who would, on New Year's day, present to their guests a libation of opium or of nightshade? That might be done if there were no law against it, and the host did not desire to receive his guest on the return of the next festive occasion. Yet these are not more dire in their effects than the glass of wine with which fond mothers permit their children to toy.

The former speedily kills, and throws the pall of death over its victim ere it degrades. The latter leads on by a thousand snares to inevitable ruin and disgrace. Says the Rev. Newman Hall of London, a gentleman of high social standing, marked ability, scholastic manners and acquirements: "The Church of England within the last three years has lost in membership by drunkenness thirty thousand." With this fact staring the clergy in the face, the church sanctions the use of the first rounds in the ladder to drunkenness by proffering fermented wine to the lip of the communicant in memory of the spilt blood of Christ. There should be an act of legislature in each State requiring manufacturers and dealers to label their casks, flasks, demijohns, and bottles of champagne, whiskey, and brandy, as are other less destructive articles of merchandise, with the word "Poison" in legible characters. The local authorities protect the public against the contagious disease

of the leper. The infectious disease of small-pox is regarded of sufficient moment to be brought under the jurisprudence of municipal authority, while the contagion with which spirituous liquors is sweeping down with a mighty swath of death thousands yearly to an untimely and dishonored grave is rocked with safety in its infectious cradle by the silence of executive authority. The devastating influence with which alcohol is sweeping like a mighty holocaust over the fair land, the debauchery and drunkenness of young men in the various grades of society is attributable in a great measure to the license that ladies give to its abominable use as a beverage. Adam was an ungallant bridegroom; but I have no doubt he had occasion, as have modern husbands, to stand unveiled in the presence of God, and say, "The woman that Thou gavest me, she tempted me." I doubt not Eve, like her modern sisters, was comely, and

there was some excuse then as now for Adam's shirking responsibility.

How many wine-bibbers would there be to-day if ladies would invariably ignore its use, and refuse to receive the attentions of those who should quaff its nectar? Why, it would not be one year before grog-shops would be a thing of the past, and drinking would be as unpopular and less common than employees making appropriations for their own use from the government's till. Barley, wheat, and corn would find their uses in bread, and the product of the vine would be appropriated to its proper use. The moral influence that ladies could exert in staying the tidal wave of drunkenness that is sweeping back to the ocean of death the brightest hopes of this promising land would be far more powerful to save than is the allied power of alcohol to destroy; even were its force quadrupled an hundredfold, it would then fall powerless before the irresistible influence of woman.

The husband, father, brother, or lover, though they may be valiant in battle, and of heart impervious to fear, yet of all creatures which God has created they are the weakest, when the battle is waged against the loving affections of the woman whom they adore. They are led by her, yield to her, and obey her loving mandates. The only fortifications that guard the domestic circle and render it secure are the bulwarks of love, and its ramparts are the welcoming smile, the cheering word, kindly attentions, and the tender caress. Ladies, these are the weapons with which God your Father has panoplied your soul and walled you round; they are the flaming swords which are to keep out from your earthly elysium discord and drunkenness, with the gloomy train of its horrid consequences.

These womanly graces and tributes of love are the anathemas before whose divine presence the evil spirit embodied in alcohol will coweringly hide away into the shades of forgetfulness, leaving you in full

possession of the mansion of love of which its owner had accounted you its worthy occupant.

In arraigning the drunkard for trial before the tribunal of an impartial judgment, while we do not altogether exonerate the culprit, still we charge in a great measure the responsibility of the crime upon the indifference with which ladies regard the foul offence which steals upon its victim while he is yet unaware.

In the economy with which God has provided for the government of mankind He has so ordained that the stronger should be sustained, influenced, governed, and controlled by the weaker. Woman, by the delicacy of her persuasion, by her example and affectionate nature, has from the beginning of time been the emperor of man. While he courts her favor, he bows at her mandates, and becomes her willing, unconscious slave. She rules his heart, sways his judgment, and controls his actions, in the savage as in the civilized breast. In the very heat of his passion she

looks upon him, and the hand raised in wrath to slay falls powerless at his side. As examples of these facts, I quote the name of the Queen of the North American Indians, Pocahontas, and the unlettered girl of France, Joan of Arc.

Where is the stalwart heart so stout
But that to woman bows?
Or where the will, howe'er so bent,
But by the power of woman lent,
On her high, holy mission sent,
Finds a redeeming clause?

But what shall be said for the moral status of those in authority, who, for the paltry sum of a few dollars added to the coffers of a city treasury, will legalize the crime of dealing out to human beings potations of distilled death and swift destruction, and flaunt its glaring, high-handed crimes even under the shadows of the sanctuary, whose chiming bells and stalwart towers proclaim, "Holiness to the Lord, and good-will to men." Are these the guardians of the peace

and the executors of the municipal government? For what, then, is there to hope? Is the government in the hands of a thoughtless rabble on election days? Where are the vast army of church-members, who subscribe in their tenets of faith to orderliness and sobriety? Where are the myriads of order-loving citizens, whose ballot should be cast in favor of the best interests of the people at large? Does familiarity with crime render it less obnoxious to them, and the stench of its filthiness less unsavory, that they roll it as a sweet morsel under their tongue, while they cry, "A little more sleep," that they may withhold their hands from the ballot which shall close these gates of hell, and the entrance to the jaws of death?

When God shall gather up his jewels, how hardly shall these order-loving, responsibility-shirking, church-going citizens be saved? As the vast army of inebriates pass in review before His throne, will not the Lord of the harvest of tares and wheat say

to unrighteous voters: Inasmuch as ye failed to preserve the sanctity of your high trust, and save these men, by your ballot, from the terrible curse which has befallen them, "ye have done it unto Me." As terrible as was the fate that befell Sodom and Gomorrah, shall it not be "more tolerable for them in the day of judgment than for these"?

The people of to-day are enlightened, and before Heaven's high tribunal they cannot put in the plea of ignorance. The influence of the earnest prayers and executive acting of high-minded, noble-hearted women have closed the doors of thousands of rum-shops from Maine to the Pacific; and the ballots of the stronger sex have opened up again these infamous sluice-ways to crime, poverty, shame, and an ignominious death. What is the result? Riotous excesses reel their putrescent forms where thrift and happiness had assumed their honored sway; homes are laid waste of love and affection.

Drunkenness, with its squalid train of crimes,

stalks boldly forth to cast their darkening shadows on the horizon of our beloved land. There is more potency of hell in spirituous and malt liquors than have been reserved for all the other forces of damnation with which sin has sought to drag humanity down to perdition. Its effects are to cripple the capacities of the intellect, palsy the powers of the soul, and demoralize the functions of the physical system. It transforms the image of God in man into a fiend, and imbrutes those who indulge in its hellish nectar. According to the census of the Internal Revenue reports, it is costing our people a yearly expenditure of over one billion five hundred million dollars. It is making yearly one hundred and thirty thousand confirmed drunkards, and sending sixty thousand to drunkards' graves, and reducing to beggary two hundred thousand children. It is sending yearly to prison two hundred thousand persons. Is not this report sufficient to engage the interest of every philanthropist, and secure the at-

tention of every lover of humanity? The drunkard attempting to reform is fighting a battle such as only a God might expect to win. In his brightest moments, when the victory seems nearly won, how often do we see him, like the sow that was washed, return to his wallowing in the mire. O young man! as you value happiness, honor, and manhood; as you cherish her to whom you have given your heart's holiest affections; as you regard the memory of her who gave you birth, and by your hopes of immortal bliss, forswear thy soul against the intoxicating cup, and for the benefit of those who shall come after you, swear your anathemas forever against it, lest it shall be the "Bridge of Sighs" over which your friends shall mourn your helpless and lost condition.

O proud and exalted man to whom the government has entrusted, by reason of the ballot, the guardianship of the best interests of the country, the happiness of the people, and the sanctity of the domestic circle! if the righteous shall scarcely be saved, how

can you, who have given aid to the liquor traffic, expect to escape the condemnation of Heaven? What subterfuge shall have power to hide you from the condemning judgment of your own soul, in the day when the spirits of men shall stand undressed before the tribunal of their own conscience and the searching eye of an impartial God?

HAVE REVELATIONS CEASED?

THE cadences from time past, the inspirations of the present, the mutterings and golden glimmerings of the future, answer, with indisputable, knowledge-laden tongues, No!

Great as may have been the ages of the past, science, with its imperial, glittering dawn of the present unfolding of truth, casting its aurora high o'er the mountain-tops of a false theology and into the cavern-vaults of superstition, responds: There cometh other revelations, whose record shall be greater than that which time has rolled back on the scroll of the past.

The pioneers of intellectual, spiritual, and moral development, who have long since passed into the eternity of ages, have but broken up the fallow-

ground for a greater advancement, wherein is hidden the more precious germs of truth, to be followed again by those on whom the dispensation of revelation shall have diffused a more glorious awakening. The tall oaks of superstition, planted by the hand groping in darkness, still seeking after light, are one by one being uprooted by the flaming sword of truth issuing from the Eden of divine revelation. Witchcraft and bigotry have been supplanted by modern intelligence. The law of cause and effect has consigned to a resurrectionless tomb the superstitions of the ancients. Intolerance and religious persecutions have given way to a liberal and consistent faith. While God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost are each closely allied to humanity, and see us not afar off, neither do we look at them as through a "glass, darkly," but behold them "face to face," through the marvelous tissues of nature's handiworks. "In His own image created He man, male and female

created He them;" and the life or spirit which they inherit, came it not from the breath of His own nostrils, thereby having created humanity as heirship to a most royal knighthood, of which God the Father is the Grand Potentate, and of which each and every member is approximating a glorious ultimatum in the family of God, through the revelations of coming ages? God the Father (eternal Spirit, and first great cause), God the Son (as manifested in humanity), and God the Holy Ghost (the soul's sweet Comforter) must forever remain in communion together; and hence revelations from Father to child must exist, until in the culmination of ages they shall inhabit one council-chamber together. The laborers, animate and inanimate, are bursting the charnel-houses wherein are imprisoned famishing souls, hungering for more light; and Revelation, clad in imperial robes, fresh from the hand of the Infinite, is proclaiming, "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

The zephyrs waft the glad tidings from the four winds of heaven.

The gentle dews and falling rain, with tears of sparkling gladness, tell anew the revelation of love. Each warbling songster is but a heaven-ordained minister, having received the rite of priesthood to sing the songs of universal praise.

Each flower which lifts its face to greet the morning sun tells the beneficence of that power which creates in love, and despoils but to resurrect in greater glory.

Each trembling blade of grass points to the eternal dome from whence naught but goodness flows. Each murmuring brook and bejeweled cascade sigh the requiem of a somber-clad priesthood, and welcome in, as they wind on with musical flow to the sea, the coming era of hope and intellectual advancement, in which the light of science and spirituality reveal the rich developments of a higher revelation, wherein is seen the manifest wisdom of that

universal law of love which creates in wondrous harmony the mighty concourse of heavenly worlds, and fits them up as habitations for the soul on which the signet of immortality has been stamped and the index-finger of eternal progression has affixed its seal. "God manifest in the flesh" is seen in the kindling emotion of intellectuality, as it radiates the sparkling eye, and reflects itself in the changing countenance, giving expression to the language of thought ere the lips had fashioned its utterance. In acts of kindly benevolence, which give words of cheer to the disconsolate, or smooth a care from the furrowed brow of age, or gives encouragement to the young aspirant as he struggles up the rocky cliffs in his pursuit after the golden grain scattered here and there from the ripened sheaves of a more advanced harvest, as in every act of devotion in which the developing soul seeks after light from the fountains of truth, may be seen "God manifest in the flesh."

It is not necessary to go to Jerusalem to receive

fresh sources of inspiration or revelation, nor yet to Mount Horeb or Pisgah, nor to the inner temple, where rested the ark of the covenant, in which were deposited the tablets of stone (the commandments of the Jewish dispensation); but to that inner sanctuary of the human soul wherein the vulture's eye hath not seen, nor the lion's whelps trodden;" where God takes up His habitation with humanity; where the tables are ever spread in the living, pulsating temple, ready to receive the commandments and dispensations of revelation which the Omniscient is ever inscribing upon His living tablets. Here is a higher priesthood than was Moses or Aaron—a priesthood which not only has viewed the promised land, but has fitted it up for our habitation, and is now journeying with us, "a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night;" and He will surely pass with us safely through the Red Sea and the wilderness of doubt, making sure our passport to the summer-land, where our triumphant souls shall bask

in the sunshine of eternal truth, and our feet walk the fields ever fresh with the budding blossoms, whose fruit withereth not nor perisheth, but remains an eternal inheritance for the healing of the nations. Should time complete its rounds of evolutions, and the scroll of its record be deposited only in the archives of eternity, and there should be no more day nor night, still would the dawning day of new and perpetual revelation be the light before which all present luminaries would pale in their luster, and with angel hosts ascribe the brightness of everlasting glory to Him "who is the way, the truth, and the life," who from everlasting to everlasting is the ever-present revelation of "good-will to men." Every ray of science which sends its divergent flashes of light athwart the intellectual sky, giving new sources of delight to the raptured soul, is but another revelation from Jehovah sent out as a winged messenger of love from the great storehouse of treasures resting

in the cabinet of Infinity, every one of which is a link binding man more closely to God.

Through revelation we clasp hands with the Infinite, and as a child look trustingly and reverently into the face of our Father. How joyfully we trace His footsteps in the ages of the past, the music of the spheres having kept time to His footfalls! How eagerly we grasp the hand He so lovingly extends, and through communion with Him as manifested in the revelations of His works, hold counsel with cherubs and seraphs who sung their anthems at creation's early dawn. Each sea-shell cloistered in ocean's briny depths has, in the drapery of its variegated colorings, fresh developments of a wondrous revelation, and clearly shows on its canvas-shell the delicate tracings of an unrivaled Artist. The tiny insect, with its meager thread of life, artistically and successfully building up its temple from the depths of ocean to the crest of its billowy wave, is but planting on coral reef another expression of divine

revelation. The mountains as they lift their formidable heights, piercing the vaults of the eternal blue, resting their heads on the bosom of the sky, as if to approach nearer to the council-chambers of Infinity, that they might hear the more secret conclave thereof, are but another chapter in which is penciled by the finger of Jehovah the teachings of His incomparable law.

The circling rounds of ages past have inscribed on their tablets as indelibly as were the commandments on the mount the record of their history, and the manifold coverings wove in the loom of incalculable ages, wrapped and interlaced over and around the strong frame-work of earth, are but the canvas sheets upon whose warp and woof the shuttle of time has written in its thread-work the outgoings and incomings of the footprints of Omnipotence; until by His munificent power He has brought order out of chaos, and has caused the barren sands to blossom as the rose. Great and incomparable as He is

in the majesty of His law and love, still He claims kinship to earth and to the inhabitants thereof; holding them in the hollow of His hand, fanning them with the breath of His nostrils, and feeding them from His sumptuous-spread tables. The nations lying latent in the womb of future ages will read from chapters of earth and rock our record, as we now read the mysterious history of the peoples which have preceded us. Herculaneum, now unveiling herself in the confines of her long-imprisoned tomb, is but giving to us a fresh revelation of the wondrous past; and the cloistered womb of earth, now made cavernous by the miner's hand, is lifting the veil from the temple where God had hid away earth's costliest treasures.

So science, which is but another name for revelation, is constantly unfolding to our vision the mysteries of God's marvelous storehouse, until, through the agency of revelation, the trinity of intelligence (God, man, and angels) shall sit down and hold sweet counsel together. In the seething tempest which

shakes to the very center the superstructure of one's being the heart lifts its complainings to the Infinite; and though no wail may escape the compressed lips, yet a smothered sigh of anguish pierces the vaults of heaven, unbars the tabernacle where dwells the Source of all compassion, and angels, ever in sympathy with the tender heart of Jehovah, come in response to the call, which binds all intelligence into one great family of unity, to offer ministrations of condolence and impart their sustaining strength; and man, linking hands with the angels, is enabled to walk in the dignity of his manhood, upright in the presence of his God. Though the tempest shall howl ever so fierce, still, behind the muttering thunder of a frowning Sinai, watching the swaying tempest, holding in His hand the forked lightning which pierces the spirit, sits a loving Father directing the storm; and in the deep sea-soundings of the soul, above the roar of the tempest, may be heard, as of yore, the "Master's" voice, bidding the storm in the heart of

the tempest-tossed mariner "be still." The roaring cataract which bears the spirit down to the whirlpool of despair hears His voice; and the billowy waves, rearing their frowning crests mountain-high, behold His face, and in abashment backward roll and pillow themselves on the sobbing bosom of the deep. The winds, rending into shreds the net-work of the soul, see the Divine Presence, and fold themselves in the shrouds of heaven; while the nearly-wrecked mariner, loosed from his moorings,—like the gigantic iceberg of the north, borne down to the Gulf Stream, there to be lapped up by the rays of a tropical sun—looks trustingly into the Master's assuring face, and walks the swelling breast of sorrow's wave unharmed, secure in the panoply of angels.

A saving Christ walks the waves of Galilee in humanity's stricken heart to-day, as boldly as He did in the days of a sinking Peter; Moses and Elias are now in as close proximity to earth as when they were seen in transfiguration on the mount; and

God spoke not more audibly to Adam in the garden than He calls to man in this the nineteenth century; while angels, in their divine mission, sent out by the Father, walk the earth as really as did the three with whom Abraham conversed; and in the prophetic teachings of the "Wise Men" of to-day the expressions of divine will are as clearly manifest as they were in the earlier revelations given to John on the Isle of Patmos. The pool of Siloam touched by the healing virtues of the Eternal is as efficacious to cleanse the leprous spots as were its troubled waters when beholding in the embodiment of man that power which called the dead into life and caused the scales to fall from eyes hitherto shut out from the light of day.

The conceptions of the imagination which the ingenuity of man has reduced to science and practice, in which are found symmetry of form, elegance of proportions, and the perfection of beauty, is but another revelation of divine will. The schedules

from which men draw their designs are spread out on earth and sky, while Infinity works from the limitless canvas-sheet of His own imagery. From time to time He drops a link to earth, by which the ingenious spirit of man unravels the beauteous mystery, and with an admiration akin to worship, pauses and pays profound homage to that which Jehovah hath touched ; He distills and draws unto Himself by the magnetic power of His will from the subtle principles of earth and air the properties with which to paint the sunbeam and to color the rose.

The gray of ocean and the emerald green of forest and meadow land were inwoven by the chemical shuttle of divine art. The pencil and brush which decorate with multiplicity of pictures the plumage of the feathered tribe, are weilded by Him whose goodness lets not a sparrow fall to the ground without His notice.

The landscape of hills, plains, mountains, and valleys was sculptured by the artistic chisel of In-

flexible Will. A place for the rivers, oceans, and seas was inlaid by the diamond edge of thought, while their waters were made soluble by the kneading of God's plastic hand.

The heavens were builded in their magnificent splendor by the architectural design of Supremacy, and their ever-changing, floating drapery, tinted with unrivaled colors, weaving themselves into fantastic shapes and forms, was the study of Nature's Upholsterer. The conceptions of Raphael and the wild imagery of Doré were but the felt influences upon their sensitive brains of a reflection of the electro-magnetic thought of God, breathed upon their souls as an inspiration, and by them transferred to the canvas—a mere copy of divine art.

The sublime pictures traced by the poet's fancy, the dreams of Milton, the transition of Dante's fervid imaginings, like the awful scenes portrayed by John on the Isle of Patmos, were but emanations from God, with which they had come *en rapport*. The

thought on which the orator takes his loftiest flight, clothing his conceptions with figures whose touch burns into the soul, is but a glimmer of an expression from the endless canvas-sheet with which the Almighty wraps His Majesty.

EPITAPH.

IS not for me to say wherefore or how
God planned the past, the future, and the now;
'Tis not for me to say which way is best,—
God planned the sorrow and he planned the rest.
So if 'tis weal or if 'tis woe, I know
God's changeless love hath fixed it so.

MAXIM.

To use wisely the things we have,
Bestowing benefactions on those who need our aid,
Is fulfilling God's highest law to man.

TWO ANGELS.

TWO angels met in an arbored way :
One brought hope, and one dismay ;
One brought a sword and flaming fire
Of awful wrath and dreadful ire.

Hope came, with voice of sweetest song ;
With welcome theme her notes prolong :
Ho! every man of every clime,
Come to my banqueting of wine.

No wrath, nor sword, nor flaming fire,
Nor vengeful God with dreadful ire,
No dark abode with fearful fate,
The weary ones from earth await.

Go see yon stream, a river clear,
And see yon hills as they appear ;
See foliage and shrub and flower,
See questered dell and arbored bower.

See palaces so wondrous fair,
And mansions, too, both rich and rare ;
See trellised vine of richest bloom,
And rarest flowers of sweet perfume.

See schools of art and of design,
See men and angels in their prime,
Each working out the latest plan
Of good to God or good to man.

Hear song of bird and waterfall,
And children answering children's call.
This, this is heaven, not far away
(The angel Hope illumed the way) ;
'Tis free, 'tis free for all.

GOD.

OD speaks to us in shrub and flower,
In dewdrop and in teeming shower,
And shows the wonder of His grace
Prefaced in nature's lovely face.
I worship Him, this God divine,
In shrub and flower and tender vine;
I hear Him in the wildest roar
As thunders crash from shore to shore.

I see Him in the trackless sky,
Whence million orbs round millions fly;
So far, so near, yet God abounds
In all the circling worlds around.

His presence fills the bounds of space,
His power holds mighty worlds in place?
He speaks, the heavens obey His will,
And raging seas are calm and still.

TIMELY WISDOM.

THY rowers have brought thee into great waters. Learn, I pray thee, this piece of timely wisdom. Thy rowers have brought thee into no quiet waters; they have found thee no harbor of delight; shall they any longer be thy rowers? Do this one thing to thine own soul if thou hast any sense left or any pity on thyself: Cry out against those who are ruining thee. Now, say, I will go no further with these rowers. God helping me, the helm shall be reversed. If such be thy resolve, and the Great Pilot shall come to thy help, thou wilt never drink again of the accursed cup, and thou wilt shun the company which has lured thee to

thy present wretchedness. Oh, that the spirit of the Lord may help thee to break the oars and cast the rowers into the sea.

ANON.

MEMORY.

MEMORY is the canvas sheet of the soul, upon which is outspread an imperishable panorama of all the devices which the mind has conjectured or the spirit conceived. It is the talisman of the past, and the arbiter whose tribunal shall justly adjudge the unfoldings of the great scroll of life. The paint of excuse, mixed with the oil of repentance and the grief of despair, may not obliterate one trace which the brush of thought has depicted on this magnetic scroll. These cartoons are as varied as have been the flights of thought, the conceptions of imaginations, the acts of life, or the pictures presented in the spiritual, intellectual, moral, affectional, or physical nature of human experi-

ence. Memory takes the canvas sheet of the soul fresh from nature's own hand, and writes upon its surface the sentiments and passions of the human heart ; she unrolls her canvas sheet, on which earth and sky are painted, so that the mind can examine all the hues and forms of sensible things in its impression of the past. She sends her telegrams beyond the tomb, and brings us messages from eternity, from those whom we first loved, in their happiest moods and sweetest expressions. She sees them rise above the agonies of dissolution, and gives us back our cherished ones in the loveliest forms they wore. She sends her messages back to the green of her earliest gambols, and, pushing her electric wires through the vault, bridges over the boundary of time and brings light from eternity. She triumphs on the wings of faith, and paints a roadway to glory. Uniting her canvas with that of past ages, she scales the ladder of history and searches the pages of its unfoldings, in-

weaving their record into her own sublime canvas. The cobwebs of time may dim its texture and throw a shadow over its pictures, but the brush of eternity shall make radiant every cartoon upon its surface, and bring them out with renewed splendor. Memory shall be the mansion through which the disenthralled spirit may roam at will, gathering fresh blossoms from the germs of thought which budded on the tree of life, to reap their full fruition in the sunshine of immortality. Being *en rapport* with those who have passed on ages before, she links the canvas of mortality to that of celestial order and weaves the fabric of time and that of eternity into one scroll, while she follows rapidly the unfoldings of the great mystical cable of eternity, as God unlooses the coils from the hand of His Imperial Majesty, giving to man the scope of the past, present, and future as a field for his explorations. In this "house of many mansions" its treasures shall forever multiply, imparting to trans-

lated souls a restful labor which shall yield a harvest of perpetual joys and an eternity of new delights. Every being who lives, is his or her own master mechanic, building up from the base of the soul a furnished habitation which shall survive the wastes of time, and, rising above the dissolution of the mortal, shall rear its ethereal temple to the honor of immortal glory or the threatening danger of humiliation and despair.

THE WIND THAT BLOWS, THAT WIND IS BEST.

WHICHEVER way the wind doth blow
Some heart is glad to have it so ;
Then blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

My little craft sails not alone ;
A thousand fleets on every zone
Are out upon a thousand seas ;
And what for me were favoring breeze
Might dash another, with the shock
Of doom, upon some hidden rock.
And so I do not dare to pray
For winds to waft me on my way,

But leave it to a Higher Will
To stay or speed me, trusting still
That all is well, and sure that He
Who launched my bark will sail with me
Through storm and calm, and will not fail,
Whatever breezes may prevail,
To land me, every peril past,
Within His sheltering heaven at last.

Then whatever wind doth blow
Some heart is glad to have it so;
And blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS AT MEMORIAL SERVICE OF FRANCES E. WILLARD, HELD IN BROWN MEMORIAL CHURCH, SYRACUSE, N. Y., MARCH 10, 1898.

A GREAT leader has fallen; like a true soldier, fallen at her post in the midst of the battle. Our nation mourns, the islands of the sea weep. Every civilized and semi-civilized nation of the earth laments, as do we, our Frances E. Willard gone. We meet here this evening with stricken hearts and bowed heads to do honor to her, the noblest, mightiest woman whom God has raised up to do valiant service in His name for

the world's betterment, and she has builded for herself in the hearts of humanity a monument more enduring than any statue ever reared by mortal hands to hero, patriot, or statesman; and well it may be said of her in words of Sacred Writ: "She hath ceased from her labors, and her works do follow her."

WELDED LINKS.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

Mrs. P. Annetta Peckham, a well-known and successful lecturer on temperance, has issued, acting as her own publisher, a volume of her poems entitled "Welded Links." The verses cover a wide range of social, domestic, and religious subjects.—*Brooklyn Daily Eagle.*

"Welded Links."—The volume is one that can be read with interest.—*Brooklyn Daily Times.*

"Welded Links."—The author, P. Annetta Peckham, has for a long time been engaged in temperance work, and has done good service in that cause. Those who buy and peruse this pretty and well-printed volume may be sure of getting a satisfactory return for their money.—*The Christian Advocate*, New York.

"Welded Links."—Mrs. P. Annetta Peckham, who is distinguished as an earnest advocate of temperance, has published a volume of her poems under the above title. They are marked by elevated sentiment and a flowing style of versification.—*The Observer*, New York.

"Welded Links."—The author of this volume is well known throughout the country as an earnest and effective temperance lecturer. The poems evince a mind of high imaginative power, combined with aptness and beauty of expression.—*New York Weekly Witness.*

"Welded Links."—The poems are on a wide variety of subjects. They are unexceptionable in sentiment and good in expression. They will doubtless bring comfort to many a heart.—*The Examiner*, New York.

"Welded Links." By P. Annetta Peckham.—The poems cover a wide range of thought and sentiment, touching many phases of human experience and many moods of contemplation. It can thus scarcely fail to find a welcome in many homes, where its truths and fancies may make it an ever-welcome guest.—*Detroit Tribune.*

"Welded Links."—We find in it many elevated poetical sentiments and fancies.—*Interior*, Chicago.

"Welded Links."—The book is very elegant and beautiful mechanically, as befits the contents. The poems show the handiwork of a real artist, and have the touch of true poetic fire.—*Chicago Journal.*

"Welded Links" by P. Annetta Peckham, is a very creditable collection of poems. They are the natural expression of a clear intellect raised above narrow prejudices, and of a noble heart beating in sympathy with the oppressed and suffering. The problems of existence, the relations of man to God and to his fellowman, are treated with a bold hand. Vigor and elevation of thought are the most striking elements of the poems.—*Chicago Times.*

"Welded Links." By P. Annetta Peckham.—The poems are strong and vigorous, and bear the marks of freedom of touch and originality, and display a healthful and tender sympathy with nature and with human destiny.—*Inter-Ocean*, Chicago.

A neat volume of sweet poems, entitled "Welded Links." A promising book, which all will find pleasure and profit in perusing. —*Alliance*, Chicago.

"Welded Links."—The volume is elegant in its mechanical execution, chaste in tone, refined in sentiment, and varied in the subjects treated upon. Those of a metaphysical nature are handled in a most searching and scanning manner, while those of sentiment and the affections, the author weaves a fabric of soul texture and clothes her ideals in regal garb. The book will be an additional charm to the present large stock of polite literature.—*New Age*, San Francisco.

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